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No. 453

AUTUMN.

BY ANNIE WILTON.

Bright Summer has sounded her last reveille,
And faded as fadeth all beautiful things;
But oh, my heart loveth to cherish her still,
Even though shadows have tarnished her wings.
I see her troop off with a bird and a flower,
As the Troubadour hastes to his Lady Love's bow-
er.

Two sisters have parted. Hush! hear their adieu!
Their paths now diverging, no more will they
meet.
Till Summer shall summon her beautiful Muse,
And Autumn to Winter resteth her seat.
Now reigns she o'er harvesting hearts everywhere,
Like a matron grown thoughtful and flushed with
her care.

How choice are the treasures, how numerous the
sails,
Spreading the Ocean's blue boundless expanse;
How nobly our ships out-rideth the gales!
Some unseen hand guideth, it cannot be chance,
Those bright keels gliding, while plowing the waves,
And th' index, perchance, at the deep coral caves.

The kindest thought that can enter the breast,
Is the blessed forecasting for Winter by all;
This feathering and filling one's beautiful nest
Is answering for mortals Humanity's call.
It will open the gates where no Winters abound,
And Summer celestial, no reveille will sound.

A Wild Girl;

OR,

LOVE'S GLAMOUR.

A Romance of Brooklyn Heights.

BY CORINNE CUSHMAN,

AUTHOR OF "BLACK EYES AND BLUE," "PRET-
TY AND PROUD," "BRAVE BARBARA," ETC.

CHAPTER VII.

THE DROMIOS.

Look on this picture, then on this—SHAKESPEARE.

DUKE. One of these men is genius to the other;
And so of these: which is the natural man,
And which the spirit? Who deepens them?

DRO. S. I, sir, am Dromio; command him away!
DRO. E. I, sir, am Dromio; pray, let me stay!

—ID.

To Boston to see his cousin Elaine and to try
to probe the mystery of the two counts, Florian
Fenn resolved to go. He was prudent for one
so young, taking his departure on the day fol-
lowing his meeting of the count at Lilia's, with-
out other excuse to her or her parents than his
desire to visit his relatives.

He took a deep interest in the welfare of Kitty
Kanell, not only because she was Lilia's friend,
but on her own account. Kitty had a quality
superior to her beauty, her high spirits or
great expectations—and that was "charm," she
charmed everybody.

Florian realized that it was time the discov-
ery were made if there was anything in his dis-
favor to be discovered about the count. To Bos-
ton, therefore, he went, and received a warm
welcome at his uncle's house.

"You have come just in time, cousin, to go
out with me this evening. There is to be a very
brilliant reception at one of my friends," said
Elaine, after she had kissed him.

"Will I meet the Italian count, then?"
"Yes, he is one of the stars. What do you
know about him?"

"Nothing—nothing at all—except what I saw
in the paper you sent me. Perhaps you remem-
ber, Elaine, I never did 'freeze' to these foreign
noblemen. Adventurers, after rich wives, most
of them."

"You cannot say that about Count Cicarini.
His credentials are undoubted. A perfect gentle-
man. Handsome, courtly, with a most dreamy
and romantic air—I'm free to confess to you,
cousin, that I'm more than half in love with him
myself. All the girls just rave over him. He's
perfectly del."

Florian certainly felt an intense curiosity to
meet this delightful person. He had just realized
what a very nice dinner he sat through, nor
how lovely his cousin Elaine looked as she float-
ed down-stairs in a trailing rosy cloud of satin
and lace.

"How abstracted you are, cousin Florian! It
has just ruined your manners to become en-
gaged. Quit dreaming about your Lilia and de-
vote yourself to me if you please," pouted Elaine,
in the carriage.

"I beg ten thousand pardons, my sweet
cousin. I was not thinking, even of Lilia, but
about some very important business. Is this the
house?"

"Yes, this is the place. Look your handsom-
est, cousin, and do me credit."

In a few moments the cousins—a very hand-
some couple they made!—were paying their re-
spects to the host and hostess. Then Florian
was introduced to a dozen pretty girls, but he
could scarcely assume his accustomed air of
graceful devotion, which he wore when in the
presence of pretty women, his thoughts were so
set in another direction.

"Is the count here?" he whispered, as soon as
he could edge around to his cousin's side again.

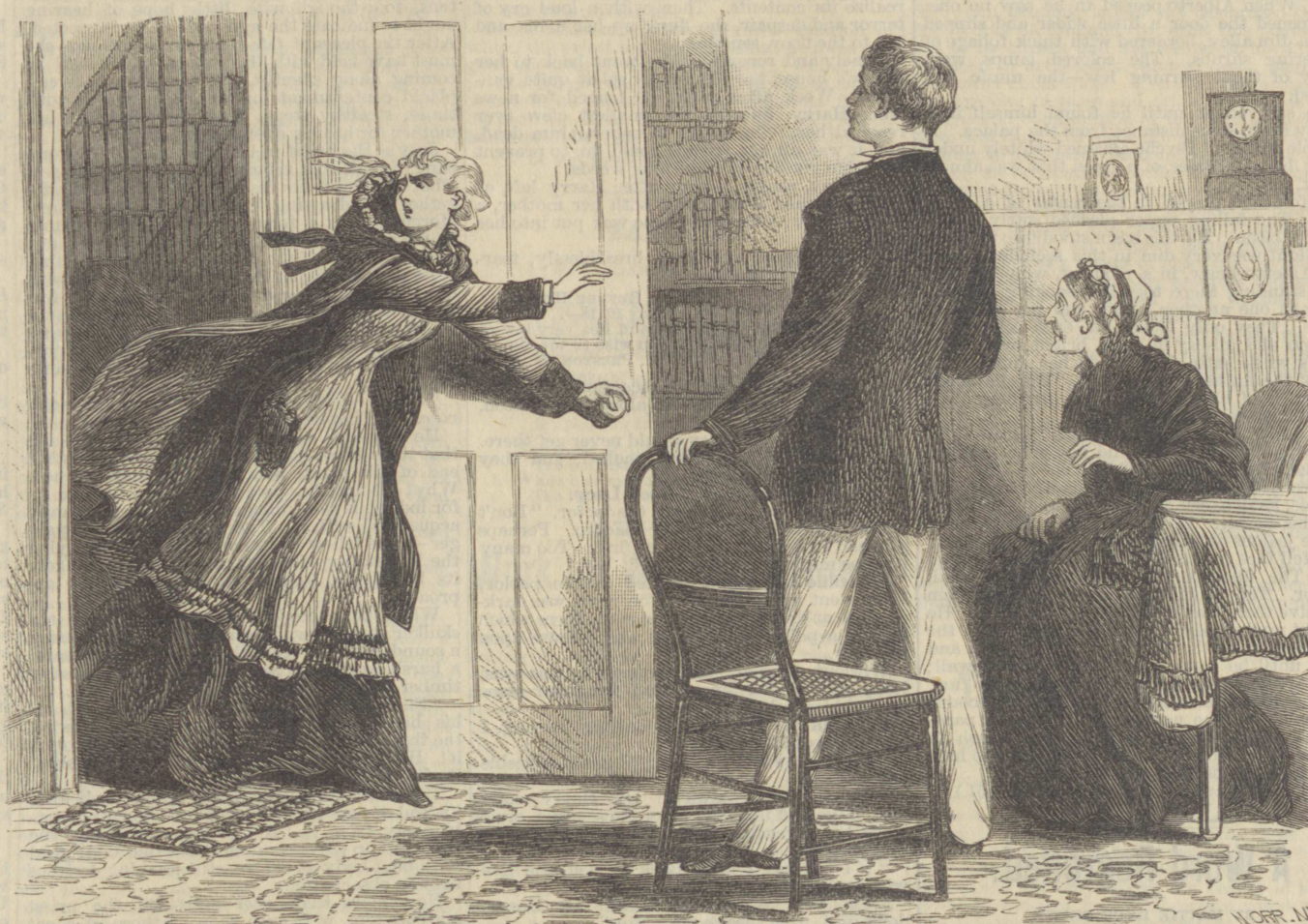
"He is just entering the room. There he is,
speaking to our hostess."

"As soon as you can bring it about, I wish you
would introduce me."

"I will be in a minute."

Fenn's gaze continued riveted on the gentle-
man who had just arrived, to whom all his new
friends were anxious to show attention. He
might have been the New York Count Cicarini's
double. He was about the same age, or a year
or two older—had the same grave, deep eyes,
olive skin, black mustache and slender figure.

Yet there was also a great difference between
the two men. Florian liked this one even less
than the other.



"Alas, madame, I am no longer Miss Kanell. I was married three hours ago, and have run away from my husband."

It was some time before a person of as small
importance as young Fenn could claim any of
the foreigner's attention.

In the latter part of the evening he contrived
to be introduced.

"I have had the honor of knowing another
Count Cicarini, who has been spending a few
months in Newport, New York and Brooklyn.
Is he a relative of yours?" asked Florian.

"Another Count Cicarini?"

The words were spoken as by a man in a
dream.

"Yes, a Count Carlo Cicarini."

A mortal paleness overspread the dark beauty
of the foreigner's face.

"Come with me into the recess," he said, as
soon as he could speak, leading the way into the
curtained nook of a bay-window. "Tell me
more of this. The man is an impostor."

His own face was turned from the light, his
hands trembled.

"An impostor?"

"He must be. I am the only heir of my name
and race."

"He has deceived some of our best people,
then. He is engaged to marry a young lady of
wealth and position, in a few weeks. If he has
been imposing upon her and others, the decep-
tion cannot be too quickly made known. To tell
you the truth, count, I came here, seeing your
name in the papers, to meet you and clear up
this mystery, for the sake of the young lady,
whose friend I am."

"Describe this person to me, please."

Florian did as he was requested, giving many
particulars of the other's career in New York.
Before he had finished his companion burst into
a violent laugh.

"Pardon me," he said, as soon as he could
control himself—"it is an exquisite joke! I
could not but laugh. It would seem as if my
double outdid the original. It is too good! I
know the fellow. The demoiselle he is to marry
—you say she is very wealthy, young and beau-
tiful?"

"All three; but a mere child—a girl of six-
teen—too inexperienced to judge of a man's
true character."

"We cannot talk in this crowded place. If
you will be so kind as to do me a great favor,
you will come to my hotel with me. I will ex-
cuse myself in about half an hour, if you are
willing to exchange this brilliant drawing-room
for an interview with me in my room. How
will that be, Signor Fenn?"

"I am quite ready to go with you. I came to
Boston to make your acquaintance, count. I
will see if my cousin can be provided with an-
other escort, and if so, will go with you at any
time."

In another hour the two men were shut up in
the count's sitting-room at the Tremont
House.

When Florian got back to his own bedroom in
his uncle's house, and began, deliberately, to
think over the two hours' interview he had just
come from, he was more bewildered than ever
in his life. He had not been conscious of it
while at the Tremont; yet, on reflection, he
found that the count had gotten from him ev-
ery particular as to his namesake's doings in
New York, the name, residence and peculiar-
ties of Miss Kitty Kanell, her father's business
and home address, Kitty's banishment to the
convent school, the address of the school, and a
hundred other points; while he, Florian, had re-
ceived no convincing proofs to make it apparent
that this was the real count, the other the ad-
venturer.

"He has completely hocus-pocussed me, with
his brilliant talk and his insinuating ways.
However, I will see him again in the morning.
It will be easy to settle this matter now. The
impostor will, of course, flee—the real count
stand his ground."

It was growing red in the east when Florian
finally closed his eyes in sleep.

He came down to breakfast, nervous and not
half rested; made little reply to the jesting of
his cousin about the sudden friendship between
him and the Italian, and went off to call on
Cicarini as early as he thought he should be apt
to find him up.

"I may tell you something, on my return
from the Tremont, that will make you open
those sleepy brown eyes very wide," he remark-
ed to Elaine as he went off.

It was his own brown eyes which opened
wide, however, when, on attempting to send up
his card to the count, at his hotel, he was in-
formed that the Count Cicarini had left very
early that morning.

"Where for?"

"His baggage was checked to Philadelphia.
We believe he is on his way to Washington."

"Was not his departure very abrupt?"

"We did not know, yesterday, of his inten-
tion to leave Boston. His rooms were engaged to
the end of the month."

"Well," said Florian, confidentially to himself,
as he went out of the hotel and stood on the pav-
ement, looking as if he had lost his way. "Well!
it is more impossible than ever to tell of other
from which. I must make my apologies to
aunt Appleton, hurry back to New York, and
put the police on the track of both of them."

When Florian did reach his Brooklyn home,
he was met with the information that Kitty
Kanell had run away from school, and that it
was inferred she had gone with Count Cicarini,
as that nobleman had disappeared, bag and
baggage, from his boarding-place on Fifth
avenue.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE BRIDE'S FLIGHT.

"But where is she now, this night of joy?"

"Dainty maid of high degree,
What has the beggar to do with thee?
Thy life is man's, and love is May,
What has the beggar to thee to say?"

It was ten o'clock of the same evening on
which Kitty Kanell had run away from the
Sacred Heart.

In a small, plainly-furnished sitting-room on
the second floor of one of those little old-fash-
ioned wooden dwellings which still stand on
Pineapple street, were a mother and son.

The latter had just come in from the street;
snow clung to the threadbare overcoat which he
removed as he entered.

"I am sorry you had to go out such a night,
Philip. Did you find Mr. Kanell at home?"

"Yes, mother."

The tone of his voice made the lady look up
quickly.

"What is the matter, Philip? Do not tell me
that you have lost the situation!" speaking with
evident alarm.

"No, mother, not so bad as that."

The young fellow began walking up and down
the floor.

His mother watched him with evident uneas-
iness.

He was a magnificent-looking young man of
two or three and twenty, handsome in form and
manly in expression. The shabbiness of his
well-brushed clothes could not detract from his
beauty.

"Mother, mother!" he cried, after a few mo-
ments of restless tramping through the narrow
limits of the room. "Why is it that some must
feast to surfeit on all the good things of life
while others starve for a crust? Look at you,
mother, a lady, once the ruler of a circle of your
own—your fashionable friends have forgotten
your existence; they do not remember your face
when they meet you on the street. Look at
me! I must bind all my fiery, eager desires
within the meager boundaries of my thousand-
a-year salary. Oh, if it had been different!

Oh, if I had dared to 'put it to the test, to lose
or win it all! Mother, Kitty Kanell has run
away from school with that foreign count, of
whom I was telling you."

"Where did you hear that?"

"At her father's house. When I went there
with the papers I found Mr. Kanell in a sad
state of mind. A Sister had just been there to
inform him of his daughter's disappearance and
to place in his hand the note she had left pinned
to her books, telling them 'not to bother to
look for her—she should be a bride within an
hour.'"

"She was always a wild thing. I am not sur-
prised."

"She was a lovely, witching, wayward crea-
ture, mother."

"A harum-scarum, slangy, high-tempered
little thing, Philip, if she was Dudley Kanell's
daughter."

"Mother, do not say a word against her! I
cannot bear it."

The lady looked at her son in mute surprise.

"I love her—I love her! I have loved her
ever since the day I first set eyes upon her, when
she was twelve and I eighteen. To me she is
everything that is good, lovely, wonderful,
charming. If I had been rich—if I had had the
ghost of a chance—there is not a man on earth
should have gotten her away from me. What
was the use? A poor clerk in her father's bank
—no friends—no prospects. All I could do was
to long for her from afar. I do not suppose she
is any more than barely aware of my existence,
yet she has not been out of my thoughts one mo-
ment years."

"Philip, Philip! I am sorry for you."

"Oh, mother, she was so sweet! I would
have died for one kiss given freely by her dear
lips. There is no other girl in the world like
Miss Kanell!"

"My poor, foolish boy!"

"She never spoke to me but three times. I
knew, all the time, that I was mad—insane! I
could not help it. You might as well have ad-
vised the sun not to shine as me not to love her.
Do you remember the day she came here with
the basket of peaches? You were ill—it was
last July—and she happened to hear me telling
her father about it, and came with the fruit
that afternoon. I had come home early to take
care of you. How shy and sweet and timid she
was about it! I made her blush I looked at her
so. Wild! yes, she was wild. I liked her the
better for that. Oh, mother, my heart is break-
ing. Laugh, scoff, pity, as you will, mother, I
tell you my heart will break."

He threw himself down in a chair, leaned his
arms on the table, his head on his arms, and
burst into deep, slow sobs. His pale, pretty
mother—a hopeless invalid to whom this good
son devoted himself as few sons would—cried si-
lently as she heard and saw his grief.

It was the first she had ever dreamed that
Philip had lifted his eyes to his employer's beau-
tiful daughter.

He had enough to endure, poor boy, without
that trouble.

The Armorys had once been as rich as the
Kanells; but the father's ship had gone down in
the faithless seas of speculation—he had gone
down with his fortune—committed suicide—and
left his delicate wife and young son to do the
best left to them after such a disaster.

Mrs. Armory sat silent and distressed for some
little time. She made an effort to arouse
Philip from his fit of despair.

"Why should Miss Kanell have run away to
marry the count? Are there objections to his
character? Did not her father approve?"

"I know none of the particulars. I was in
the library speaking with him on business when
the Sister came in hurriedly, and, in their agi-
tation, they discussed the matter openly. I
could not avoid hearing what was said. I know
Mr. Kanell was very angry, for he swore a
great oath—a thing I never heard him do be-

fore. He said that the count had broken his
word of honor."

"I am sorry, indeed, if she has rushed into
marriage with a man capable of that."

"Hark! mother. The bell rung, and now
some one is coming up here to us. Perhaps Mr.
Kanell wants me."

Philip started to his feet as he spoke. The
next moment, a quick, low, nervous knock
sounded on the door. Mrs. Kanell opened it,
and there stood a shivering female figure, wrap-
ped in a blue waterproof cloak and hood, whiten-
ed with the great flakes of moist snow which
clung to it.

"Come in. Who is it?"

The unknown visitor stepped in, closing the
door quickly, with a backward glance over her
shoulder, as if she feared or expected pursuit,
and turned the key in the lock.

Then she threw off her cloak, betraying the
slim figure, the pretty brown head, the great
blue eyes of Miss Kanell.

Kitty's face was white as the snow outside,
her hair fell down about it in damp, ruffled
masses, her blue eyes glittered with strange, fe-
verish excitement.

Philip made no sound, standing staring at her
as if a specter had arisen out of the floor to con-
front him.

Mrs. Armory, in extreme surprise, stood
speechless.

"May I stay here to-night?" gasped Kitty, af-
ter a minute. "Oh, you must not refuse me,
Mrs. Armory. This was the only place I could
think of where I would not be looked for, yet
where I would feel quite safe and protected."

"What has happened, Miss Kanell, that you
come here?"

"Alas, madame, I am no longer Miss Kanell.
I was married three hours ago, and I have run
away from my husband."

Mrs. Armory looked her wonder at the pant-
ing fugitive.

"Of course you think it strange," ran on Kit-
ty, wildly. "It is strange—stranger to me
than anybody else! I am a willful, wicked girl,
I expect; and am punished for it already. It is
my fate to run away," she added, bursting into
hysterical laughter. "I had no sooner run
away from the convent to get married than I
ran away from the one I ran away with! Yet
I am not crazy, Mrs. Armory! I am in my so-
ber senses now—whatever I was before—and I
tell you I would not have that man find me, to-
night, for all the money my mother left me. If
he should have been on my track—if he comes
here for me—you must hide me from him. Prom-
ise me that you will hide me, if he comes for
me," she pleaded, catching Mrs. Armory's
hands and looking piteously into her face.

"Yes, yes, my poor child. Calm yourself.
But why do you not go home to your father?
He is your proper protector."

"I was afraid to go to papa. He is so dread-
fully angry at me, you see. And then, that will
be the first place where the count will look for
me. He has a right to demand of papa to give
me up. I am his wife. He will never, never
let me go if he once gets hold of me; since it is
my money he is after. Papa will say to me—
'You married him against my advice—go with
him!—go with him—I wash my hands of you.'
Ah, let me stay here!"

"Last of wind rattled
at shutters and door, causing Kitty to give a
low cry and cling to Mrs. Armory."

"You are nervous, my dear child. Compose
yourself. You shall remain with me as long as
you wish, and I will do all I can for your safety
and comfort. Sit down here and let me make
you a cup of tea."

"If you please," shivered Kitty, as her host-
ess drew her toward a comfortable rocking-
chair.

Then, for the first time, as Mrs. Armory went
about setting the tea to draw on the little stove
which warmed the room, Kitty, settling back
in the chair and gazing about, met the gaze
of Philip Armory which had never left her
face.

She blushed scarlet.

"I had forgotten about you," she said sim-
ply.

"Ay!" thought Philip, drearily. "I am no
more to her than the floor beneath her feet."

Perhaps this consciousness angered him. He
said to her, sternly:

"How dare you promise, before God, to love
and honor a man, to be his wedded wife, and
then, before the day is past, play him a trick
like this? It seems to me strange fooling with
the sacred things of life. I knew you were wild
and willful, but I did not think you fickle and
false."

"Philip!" exclaimed his mother, "is this a
time to judge of her actions? Let us wait."

"Thank you, madame," said Kitty, with a
new, indescribable dignity which made her
lovelier than ever to the man who worshipped
her very shadow yet had dared to find biter
fault with her. "I will be able, I hope, by
morning, to explain myself, partially, at least.
I have been foolish—headstrong. I deserve pun-
ishment. Perhaps your son's criticism on my
conduct is none too severe. I shall be punished
thoroughly—God knows that came soon enough!
All my life I shall be punished for so folly.
All my life—and I am only a very little more
than sixteen."

Tears rushed into Philip's eyes as she uttered
these last words in such a hopeless voice. He
felt like a brute, as he furtively watched the
sad little face leaning back wearily against the
cushioned chair, with closed eyes and large
drops falling from the long, curved lashes.

A great rage against the man who had made
her unhappy took the place of the burning jeal-
ousy which had devoured him. He set his teeth
together as he thought:

"If that dastard has injured her in any way I
will have it out of him!"

Strange medley of human motives and feel-
ings! A sense of happiness stole over the heart
of Philip Armory as soon as he had imagined
himself called on to take the place of this girl's
protector. To be able to avenge any slight or
wrong done to her would atone for all he had
endured in knowing himself less to her than the
dust under her feet.

During the sleepless night which followed, the
young bank-clerk performed over and over, in
imagination, the part of a hero, called to serve
the woman he adored.

CHAPTER IX.

THE GARDEN TRAGEDY.

There comes a black gondola slowly
To the palace on festive hours,
And the Count Rinaldo Rinaldi
Has mounted the black marble stair.

There rustles a robe of white satin;
There a footstep falls light by the stair;
There rustles a robe of white satin;
There a gleam of soft golden hair,
And the lady, Irene Riccaoli,
Stands by the cypress tree there.

—OWEN MERRITH.

COUNT CARLO CICARINI was one of the gayest young nobles in the Venetian Republic, the "city of the sea," that gazes forever, like Narcissus, pensively at her own loveliness, mirrored in the mysterious water. It is still a city of passionate hearts, warm pulses, and strange romance. Not a foot of its faintly-glimmering canals but is thickly strewn with records of love and crime.

Count Cicarini was a bachelor, rich, light-hearted and happy—that is, he would have been happy if one episode of his gay life had not chilled and clouded those festive hours which followed after; but who still enjoyed keeping house, as unmarried men do who set up their own establishment. Heretofore, for a ridiculously low sum, nearly the whole of a gloomy old palace looking down the Grand Canal, he had brightened up some of the rooms with modern pictures, quaint china and costly rugs. He chose one of the great apartments for a dining-room, hanging it with marvelous old tapestries, and here, with accompaniments of lovely flowers and music, he delighted to entertain other gentlemen of similar tastes; nor was he exclusive in the choice of his guests. Artists were always his friends, particularly American artists; he loved their wit and originality. He would have a duke on one of his visits, and a title had come down from the twelfth century—on the other, a promising young poet, or a gifted painter.

The count was a great favorite with the grand ladies of Venice. No *petite* complete if it toward accident kept Cicarini away. He was gay, but he was not dissipated; certainly, not dissolute. The death of his parents had given him full liberty at an early age; yet, though extravagant, he was not a spendthrift.

Ever since he had come into the control of his property he had kept by him a young man of about his own age as his business agent. It would be difficult to exactly define Alberto's duties and position. When his employer traveled he acted as courier; he was not a valet, his duties were not menial, yet, in case of necessity, he would do anything that offered. He kept the accounts, managed the income, warned his master when he was going beyond it, was a friend and companion when he was alone, but never presumed beyond a servant's deference when others were present. Carlo confided all his affairs to him, both of the head and heart, consulted him about his list of guests and the *menu* for a supper, and poured into his discreet ear matters more delicate. Brothers could not have been more confidential than the count and his agent.

It came about, at last, after three or four years of pleasant trifling, dividing his time between Venice and some other cities in France, that Count Cicarini fell desperately in love. His passion was a most unfortunate one, and to aid him in overcoming it, Alberto advised him to take a long tour. The count retorted, peevishly, that he was weary of traveling and had seen everything.

"But you have not been across the Atlantic. Why not go to the United States? That might amuse you, my lord."

And after several weeks of persuasion, the young nobleman began to make preparations for a visit to that wild, foreign country—"the United States, in the city of New York," where so many talented artists came from; that is, he left Alberto to make the preparations, while he remained plunged in a gloom so deep and unrelenting that Alberto really feared that something desperate might occur if he did not speedily go away.

It will not surprise those who know how such things are managed in Italy to be told that the lady with whom Carlo was so madly infatuated was married. She was very young, very beautiful, and forced, by her family, into a political marriage with a duke fifty years of age, actively engaged in affairs of state.

Nor was Carlo so much to blame for falling in love with the duchess, since she had first allowed him to see that she was deeply interested in him. Yet he struggled manfully against the current which was bearing him to destruction. Feeling that such a course would make him utterly wretched, he yet consented to leave the place which had such a terrible charm for him, placing himself under Alberto's guidance. Firmly resolved to protect his own integrity and that of the unhappy girl who had been made the victim of family ambition, he even urged his agent to hasten his preparations for quitting Venice.

The letters of introduction we have previously referred to had been obtained, letters of credit made ready, passports prepared, baggage packed, and farewells spoken to many friends, when the count received a ticket of invitation to a ball and garden *fete* to be given by the duke the evening previous to Carlo's intended departure. His very soul was shaken by the temptation to accept the invitation, and thus have the wretched pleasure of again seeing and speaking to the duchess.

In vain Alberto pointed out to him the folly of yielding to this wish, begging him to remain at home nor incur the risk to his own peace, of again meeting the woman he hopelessly adored.

For once Carlo was obstinate, violent, would not hear to reason. He seemed to live only in a dream until the hour arrived when he dressed to go to the duke's ball. Then he became feverishly gay, and set out, in his gondola, in such extravagant spirits that Alberto felt very uneasy. He grew more and more restless as the hours passed. He was afraid his master would be guilty of some indiscretion which would draw down upon him the suspicion or the vengeance of the duke.

And now a few words about Alberto before we go on with the history of the night's adventures. His mother had been a handsome peasant who brought fruit to the Venetian market; she was too ignorant even to know how to read; but her son early evinced a spirit and ambition quite out of keeping with his humble condition. The elder Count Cicarini had noticed his brightness and taken upon himself the expenses of the boy's education, whom he had placed with the monks, with an idea, probably, of having him choose the priesthood. At his patron's death Alberto had appealed to the young count to take him into his employment, saying that he detested the idea of becoming a priest. Carlo took a fancy to the young fellow, and granted his prayer. Some close observers, of suspicious temper, had remarked a strong likeness between master and man, hinting that this accounted for the late count's interest in the poor boy; but Carlo had never heard these hints, nor had the idea he obscurely expressed ever come into his mind.

He had noticed, himself, that Alberto resembled him. Both were of slender, elegant build, dark-haired and dark-eyed. If Alberto knew, to a certainty, anything peculiar about his origin, he kept his knowledge to himself. In the monastery he had not only been taught many languages, but he had picked up some accomplishments—could sing exquisitely in a pure tenor voice, and play the piano.

That evening, after his master had foolishly yielded to the temptation to gaze into the dark eyes of Laura once more, Alberto felt a presentiment that evil would come of it. He was impelled by some inward power to go after the count, whose gondola not returning, Alberto went out and signaled another boatman.

The dark water of the Grand Canal was jeweled with fitful starlight as the gondola pulled his boat easily along the path to the duke's palace.

Arrived at the marble stairs which led down into the water from the grand building where the ball was going on, Alberto did not know what next to do. Yet it was impressed upon him that he ought to do something.

Several gondolas were anchored near at hand, waiting to be summoned, for the hour had passed midnight. Long columns of golden light lay across the tremulous water, stretching from the illuminated windows. Delicious music, rising and falling with rhythmic beat, palpitated on the cool night air, while the shadows of stately men and jeweled women kept time in the dance as they fell athwart the windows.

Alberto knew that the garden behind the palace was also illuminated for the occasion, though a high stone wall guarded it jealously from the gaze of passers-by on the canal. He knew, also, that a side canal led past the garden, and that there was another flight of steps there, leading from a door in the side wall of the garden.

Something hid him, to stand half alone and wait. He spoke to the boatman with a low voice, who turned his gondola into the cross-canal and moored it at the other landing.

There all was darkness and gloom. There were few or no windows on that side of the palace; a faint light from the illumination within streamed over the high wall, but the water itself looked black, except where the stars sparkled on some ripples.

There was music in the garden, too; sweet laughter, or a faint wailing, occasionally reached the alert ear of the watcher. The gold-doll fell asleep. Alberto stepped lightly from the boat, went up the steps and opened the door in the wall. He thought if he saw the count in the garden, he would let him know his gondola waited there. His heart throbbed heavily with unaccountable excitement.

All had been silent for the last half-hour in the garden. The guests were evidently departing. When Alberto peeped in he saw no one. He opened the door and slipped into a dim alley, bordered with thick foliage of flowering shrubs. The colored lamps were many of them burning low—the music had ceased.

He strayed on until he found himself in a lovely nook, some distance from the palace; a marble statue of Psyche gleamed whitely under thick drooping trees, of a green that was almost black.

A fountain played in the center of a green plat. The falling water plashed softly into a marble basin. By this basin stood two persons. The light was very dim in this secluded place, but Alberto knew, in a moment, who the pair was, standing there together, looking despairingly at one another. They gazed at each other, move. They only looked at each other with passion and misery in their bright eyes. The lady's white satin dress made her appear like one of the statues placed about. The diamonds in her gold hair glittered like fire-flies. The sweet face was white as the dead.

"Laura," murmured the count, "farewell!"

It was all he said. He did not even attempt to touch the hand she half held out to him.

Then Alberto saw what the hapless lovers did not see, gave a cry of warning and sprang to save his master. He was too late. The pond of the jealous duke had pierced the count's back, who fell forward without a moan or struggle. The duchess remained spellbound with horror. The duke, in his rage, did not even perceive there was a witness to his deed. He caught up the body of his rival, dragged it by the shoulders along the alley of orange-flowers and rushed until he came to the door in the wall; then, without pausing to rest, inspired by fury with a giant's strength, he jerked the count through, and the next instant, Alberto, paralyzed with the shock, heard the dull splash in the canal which told what had been done to hide the sudden crime from human eyes.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 451.)

A Word Regretted.

BY MATTIE DYER BRITTS.

AMID the perfume of tuberose, myrtle and orange-blossoms, with the shimmer of white satin, and the soft rustle of silken dresses, and fluttering fans, Harry Butler and Lucy Gilmore stood before the altar in the stately church, and were made one.

Then a brief trip, a dizzy round of railroad cars, steamboats, hotels and shops, came again, to begin housekeeping in a cozy nest, like a couple of children at play.

Lucy was a famous little manager, and lucky enough to secure a good girl, so everything went on finely as a well-oiled machine.

But Lucy had been brought up a petted, only child, spoiled and willful, used to her own way in everything. Harry was quite willing to indulge her in all reasonable whims and fancies, but sometimes his wishes crossed hers, and then he found out that Lucy had a temper of her own—and could give it the reins, too, now and then.

However, these slight storms blew over, and the sun shone all the brighter for them. For when Lucy did come to her senses she was so exceedingly sweet and sorry that Harry could not find it in his heart to scold her.

The grand event of the season was to be a party at Mrs. Judge Parrish's fine mansion, and Harry and Lucy were invited. Harry was not anxious to go, Mrs. Parrish was the name of the "fastest" lady in the city—Harry felt that much of the society she mingled in was objectionable, and not such as he desired his wife to frequent.

But Lucy was wild to go. And thinking he would be with her, Harry consented, and gleefully set about having a dress prepared, the prettiest she could devise.

It had just been brought in on the afternoon before the party, and Lucy was admiring it when Harry returned.

"Why, what brought you so early?" she cried. "Just look at my dress! Isn't it pretty? Isn't this peach-blossom shade exquisite?"

"Very pretty," confessed Harry, gravely, taking her hand which he held in his. "Would you be very much disappointed if you did not wear it to-night?"

"Would I? Of course I would! But I shall wear it, you know."

"I hope you will not, Lucy, love."

"Why, Harry? What is the matter with you? I thought you would be sure to like it!" and Lucy began to pout.

"I do like it, dear. I'm no judge of such traps, but it looks very pretty indeed to me. But, Lucy, I have suddenly been notified that business obliges me to go to Boston by the very next train, for a few days. So you see I can't go to Mrs. Parrish's party with you."

"Oh, Harry! Now that's too bad! Do put off your business till to-morrow. One day won't make any difference."

"One day makes a great difference in business matters, Lucy. The firm has trusted me, and sent me, and I cannot wait even one train. I must be gone in an hour."

"Well, I'm sorry, I'm sure. But I needn't miss the party. I can go with Mrs. Cochran."

Harry drew his little wife near him, and said, gently but firmly: "Lucy, my dear girl, the society at Mrs. Parrish's is not such as I approve of, anyway. I cannot consent to let you go into it, unattended by your husband. You know, darling, I generally put your wishes and pleasure above everything, but this time I ask you not to go to that party while I am gone."

Lucy knew that when Harry used that tone, there was no rebelling. She burst into tears and sobbed like the spoiled child she was.

"That's always the way! I never can do anything I want to! I wish I had never got married!"

"Lucy!" Harry's tone was sad and reproachful.

"I do! Go along, to Boston, or where you please! I never want to see you again!"

"Lucy! Do you mean what you say?"

"Lucy's temper had the reins now. She answered, hotly:

"Yes, I do! I wish you was out of my sight

forever, and then I could do as I please! Just go, I don't care!"

"Lucy, if you wish it, I can go. But if once I do, it will not be to come back. Think before you decide."

Severely she glanced over her shoulder at him, and never, never came back! For going to that party with Mrs. Cochran, and you can go—just where you please?"

Lucy rose to rush out of the room. Harry stood as if stupefied for a moment, but let her go without a word more. Then he gave a deep sigh, went into his room, tumbled a few clothes into a valise, and passed out of the house.

Lucy did not come down-stairs to supper, so she did not know or care whether Harry was in or not. She sent a note requesting Mrs. Cochran to call for her on her way to the party, and dressing herself, she went with her friend, excusing Harry's absence by saying he had been suddenly called away on business.

But she did not enjoy the evening. Her senses were coming back, and a deep sense of sorrow for her angry words to Harry—sorry she had come there. She was glad to be once more in her own room, where she missed her kind husband bitterly, for this was the first night he had spent away from her since their marriage.

How little was she prepared for the blow which fell next day, when she received a note from Harry, dated Boston, and running thus:

"DEAR LUCY:—Since you never wish to see me again, I will trouble you never more. My business in Boston will be finished to-day, and then I will leave, to go far away—where you will not care to know. I have arranged with the firm to pay you a five hundred dollar note, and you will have enough to live upon. You had better rest our heads together and turn to your father—he will gladly receive you. It is not likely we shall ever meet again, so may God bless you, and good-by forever, since it is your own wish."

Lucy read this letter twice before she could realize its contents. Then, with a loud cry of terror and despair, she flung up her arms, and fell to the floor, senseless.

Lonely and repentant she went back to her father's house, the old, merry spirit quite vanished. Week after week she longed for news from Harry, but not the smallest clew ever reached her. She tried to write him, but she could not, and it was all her friends could do to prevent her from putting on mourning weeds.

One day, nearly a year after Harry left, a Lucy returned from a ride with her mother, a long, narrow, yellow envelope was put into her hand.

"A telegram!" she cried, breathlessly, tearing it open. It ran thus:

"BOSTON, REVERE HOUSE, May 10, 18—"
"MRS. BUTLER:—Your husband is very low at this place. Come at once if you wish to see him."
"H. PRESTON, M. D."

In three hours after the reception of the dispatch Lucy was steaming along for Boston, with her father.

It took her to her father's house, and she was met by Dr. Preston.

"Oh, how is Harry?" gasped Lucy.

"Better to-day," answered the doctor. "Don't agitate yourself, I beg, dear madam. Perhaps you had better go to your room at first. Too many persons might prove exciting."

So while her father waited in the parlor, Lucy went up to Harry. The room was darkened, so at first she scarcely saw the form which lay on a pallet of comforts and pillows upon the floor.

Without stopping to wonder why this was, Lucy fell on her knees, and flung her arms around him, sobbing out:

"Oh, Harry! Harry! My darling, darling, I have got you at last!"

"Did you want me, Lucy?" asked a feeble voice.

"Oh, yes! yes! Always! Oh, Harry, don't die! Live and forgive me for those cruel words! I never meant them, Harry, never! Do forgive me!"

"If I do, may I come back to you, and live with and love you?"

"Yes! yes! A thousand times! Oh, Harry, don't die! Don't leave me again!"

"Well, I guess I won't," exclaimed that young scamp, springing to his feet and clasping Lucy in his arms, where she almost fainted again with surprise.

"But, Harry, haven't you been sick?" she asked, a little later.

"Yes, a few days. Not very badly, though."

"But the dispatch said you were very low."

"Well, didn't you find me so—on the floor? I couldn't get any lower, you see. It was a ruse, Lucy, with Doctor Preston's help, to bring you to me. Won't you forgive it, dear, and let us be happy again?"

Poor little Lucy had suffered too much to refuse. She forgave him. And when she went to see Harry and her father, nobody was so happy as Lucy, unless it were Lucy's husband.

GOOD-BY!

BY WM. W. LONG.

The day drifts by and fades away—
This sunset, this latest autumn day.
So sweet because I love you so—
So sad, because from me you go.

Yes, from my side you drift away,
As clouds drift onward o'er the bay.
Oh! kiss me! let me clasp your hand,
While yet the sunlight fills the land!

The Lamb and the Wolf;

OR,

The Heiress of Llangorren Court.

BY CAPT. MAYNE REID.

AUTHOR OF "SPECTER BARQUE," "TRACKED TO DEATH," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXII.

A FATAL STEP.
HAVING passed out through the gate, Rogier turned along the wall; and, proceeding at a brisk pace to where it ends in an angle, there comes to a halt.

On the same spot where about an hour before stopped Mary Morgan for a different reason. She paused to consider which of the two ways she would take; he has no intention of taking either, or going a step further. He is not sure which of the two routes he will return by—and for him to proceed along either would be to risk the chance of not meeting her at all.

But that he has some idea of the way she will come, with some suspicion of why and what is delaying her, his mutterings tell.

"Morbien!" over an hour since she set out! A tortoise could have crawled to the Ferry and crept back within the time! For a demoiselle with limbs lithe and supple as hers—pah! It can't be the brassy bottle that she's obstructed. Nothing of the kind. Corked, capped, wrapped, ready for delivery—in all two minutes, or at most three! She so ready to run for it, too—herself proposed going! Odd, that, to say the least. Only understandable on the supposition of something prearranged. An assignation with the River Triton, for sure! Yes; he's the anchor that's been holding her—holds her still. Likely, they're somewhere under the shadow of that wood, now—standing—sitting—ah! I wish I knew the spot; I'd bring their billing and cooing to an abrupt termination. It will not do for me to go on guesses; I might miss the straying damsel with whom this night I want a word in particular—must have it. Monsieur Coracle may need binding a little faster before he consents to the service required of him. To insure an interview with her it is necessary to stay on this spot, however trying to patience."

For a minute he stands motionless, though all the while active in thought, his eyes also restless. These, turning to the wall, show him that

it is overgrown with ivy. A massive cluster on its crest projects out, with hanging tendrils, whose tops almost touch the ground. Behind them there is ample room for a man to stand upright, and so be concealed from the eyes of any one passing, however near.

"Grace! Dieu!" he exclaims, observing this; "the very place, when one wants to learn how the cat jumps! *Ha! cette chat Tom!* how very opportune his mischievous doings—for mademoiselle! Well, I must give *madame la mere* counsel better to guard against such accidents hereafter; and how to behave when they occur."

He has by this ducked his head, and stepped under the arched overgreen. The position is on the canal's edge. It gives him a view of both ways by which on that side the farm-house can be approached. The cart lane is directly before his face, as is also the footpath when he turns toward it. The latter leading, as already said, along a hedge to the orchard's bottom, there crosses the brook by a plank—this being about fifty yards distant from where he stationed himself. And as there is now moonlight he can distinctly see the frail footbridge, with a portion of the path beyond, where it runs through straggling trees, before entering the thicker wood. Only at intervals has he sight of it, as the sky is mottled with masses of cloud, that every now and then, drifting over the moon's disk, shut off her light with the suddenness of a lamp extinguished.

When she chimes he can himself be seen. Standing in crouched attitude with the ivy tendrils festooned over his pale, bloodless face, he looks like a gigantic spider behind its web, on the wall for prey—ready to spring forward and seize it.

For half ten minutes he thus remains watching, all the while impatiently chafing. He listens, too; though with little hope of hearing ought to indicate the approach of her expected. Just as the priest in listless chagrin is promising himself to have overstayd her time.

When she comes he can himself be seen. Standing in crouched attitude with the ivy tendrils festooned over his pale, bloodless face, he looks like a gigantic spider behind its web, on the wall for prey—ready to spring forward and seize it.

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For half ten minutes he thus remains watching,

CHAPTER XXIV.

"THE FLOWER OF LOVE-LIES-BLEEDING."

THERE is a crowd collected round the farm-house of Abernethy. Not an excited or noisy one; instead, the people composing it are of staid demeanor, with that formal solemnity observable on the faces of those at a funeral.

And a funeral it is, or soon to be. For inside there is a chamber of death; a coffin with a corpse—that of her who had she lived, would have been Jack Wingate's wife.

Mary Morgan has indeed fallen victim to the mad spite of a monster. Down went she into that swollen stream, which, ruthless and cruel as he who committed her to it, carried her off on its gurgling tide—her form tossed to and fro, now sinking, now coming to the surface, and again going down. No one to save her—not an effort at rescue made by the cowardly Frenchman; who, rushing on to the chasm's edge, there stopped—only to gaze affrightedly at the flood surging below, foam cresting, only to listen to her agonized cry further off and more freely put forth, as she was borne onward to her doom.

Once again he heard it, in that tone which tells of life's last struggle with death—proclaiming death the conqueror. Then all was over. As he stood horror-stricken, half-bewildered, a cloud suddenly curtained the moon, bringing black darkness upon the earth, as if a pall had been thrown over it. Even the white froth on the water was for the while invisible. He could see nothing—nothing—nothing—the horse, harsh, harsh, rolling, relentlessly on. Of no avail, then, his hurrying back to the house, and raising the alarm. Too late it was to save Mary Morgan from drowning; and, only by the accident of her body being thrown up against a bank, was it that night recoverable.

It is the third day after, and the funeral about to take place. Though remote the situation of the farmstead, and sparsely inhabited the district immediately around, the assemblage is a large one. This partly from the unusual circumstances of the girl's death, but as much from the respect in which Evan Morgan is held by his neighbors, far and near. They are there in their best attire, men and women alike, Protestants, as Catholics, to show a sympathy, which in truth is more of them sincerely felt.

Not is there among the people assembled any conjecturing about the fatal occurrence. No hint or suspicion that there has been foul play. How could there? So clearly an accident, as pronounced by the coroner at his inquest held the day after the drowning—brief and purely *pro forma*.

Mrs. Morgan, as was told of her daughter sent on that errand from which she never returned; while the priest, eye-witness, stated the reason why. Taken together, this was enough; though further confirmed by the absent plank, found and brought back on the following day. Even had Wingate, as he was seen during the daylight, he would not have seen it again. The farm laborers and others, accustomed to cross by it, gave testimony as to its having been loose.

But of all whose evidence was called for, one alone could have put a different construction on the tale. Father Rogier could have done this; but did not, having his reasons for withholding the truth. He is now in possession of a secret that will make Richard Dempsey his slave for life—his instrument, willing or unwilling, for such purpose as he may need him, no matter what his iniquity.

The hour of interment has been fixed for twelve o'clock. It is now a little after eleven, and everybody has arrived at the house. The men stand outside in groups, some in the flower-garden in front, others straggling into the farm-yard to have a look at the fatting pigs, or about the pastures to view the white-faced Herefords and "Ryeland" sheep; of which last Evan Morgan is a noted breeder.

Inside the house are the women—some relatives of the deceased, with the farmer's friends and more familiar acquaintances. All admitted to the chamber of death to take a last look at the dead. The corpse is in the coffin, but with lid not yet screwed on. There lies the corpse in its white drapery, still untouched by "deceitful" fingers, beautiful as the living bride, though now a bride for the altar of eternity.

The stream passes in and out; but besides those only curious coming and going, there are some who remain in the room. Mrs. Morgan herself sits beside the coffin, at intervals giving way to wildest grief, a cluster of women around vainly essaying to comfort her.

There is a young man seated in the corner, who seems to need consoling almost as much as she. Every now and then his breast heaves in audible sobbing as though the heart within were about to break. None wonder at this; for it is Jack Wingate.

Still, there are those who think it strange his being there—above all, as if made welcome. They know not the remarkable change that has taken place in the feelings of Mrs. Morgan. Beside that bed of death all who were dear to her daughter, were dear to her now. And she is aware that the young waterman was so. For he has told her, with tearful eyes and sad, earnest words, whose truthfulness could not be doubted.

But where is the other, the false one? Not there—never has been since the fatal occurrence. Came not to the inquest, came not to inquire or console; comes not now to show sympathy, or take part in the rites of sepulture.

There are some who make remark about his absence, though none lament it—not even Mrs. Morgan herself. The thought of the bereaved mother is that he would have ill-befitted being her son. Only a fleeting reflection, her whole soul being engrossed in grief for her lost daughter.

The hour for closing the coffin has come. They await the priest to say some solemn words. He has not yet arrived, though every instant looked for. A personage so important has many duties to perform, and may be detained by them elsewhere.

For all, he does not fail. While inside the death chamber they are waiting, he is in the cause of his delay, a buzz about, with a shuffling of feet in the passage, tells of a way being made for him.

Presently he enters the room, and stopping up to the coffin stands beside it, all eyes turned toward him. His eyes are on the face of the corpse—at first with the usual look of official gravity and feigned grief. But continuing to gaze upon it, a strange expression comes over his features, as though he saw something that surprised, or unusually interested him. It affects him even to giving a start; so light, however, that no one seems to observe it. Whatever the emotion, he conceals it; and in calm voice pronounces the prayer, with all its formalities and gestures.

The lid is laid on, covering the form of Mary Morgan—forever veiling her face from the world. Then the pall is thrown over, and all carried outside.

There is no hearse, no plumes, nor paid pall-bearers. Affection supplies the place of this heartless luxury to the tomb. On the shoulders of four men the coffin is borne away, the crowd forming into procession as it passes, and following.

On to the Rugg's Ferry chapel—into its cemetery, late consecrated. There lowered into a grave already prepared to receive it; and, after the usual ceremonial of the Roman Catholic religion, covered up, and turfed over.

Then the mourners scatter off to their homes, singly or in groups, leaving the remains of Mary Morgan in their last resting-place, only her near relatives with thought of ever again returning to stand over them.

There is one exception—this is a man not related to her, but who would have been had she lived. Wingate goes away with the intention ere long to return. The chapel burying-ground brinks upon the river, and when the shades of night have descended over it, he brings his boat alongside. Then, fixing her to the bank, he steps out, and proceeds in the direction of the new-made grave. All this cautiously, and with circumspection, as if fearing to be seen. The darkness favoring him, he is not.

Reaching the sacred spot he kneels down, and with a knife, taken from his pockets, scoops out a little cavity in the lately laid turf. Into this he inserts a plant, which he has brought along with him—one of a common kind, but emblematic of no ordinary feeling. It is known to country people as "The Flower of Love-lies-bleeding" (*Amaranthus fluviatilis*).

Closing the earth around its roots, and restoring the sods, he bends lower, till his lips are in contact with the grass upon the grave. One near enough might hear convulsive sobbing, accompanied by the words:

"Mary, darling! you're wi' the angels now; and I know you'll forgive me, if I've done aught to bring about this dreadful thing. Oh, dear, dear Mary! I'd be only too glad to be lyin' in the grave along wi' ye. As God's my witness I would."

For a time he is silent, giving way to his grief—so wild as to seem unbearable. And just for this reason, he himself thinks it so, as he kneels with the knife still open in his hand, his eyes fixed upon it. A plunge with that shining blade with point to his heart, and all his misery would be over.

My mother—my poor mother—no! These thoughts, with the flood of thought conveyed to him from suicide. Soon as repeating them, he shuts his knife, rises to his feet, and returning to the boat again rows himself home—but never with so heavy a heart.

CHAPTER XXV.

A FRENCH FEMME DE CHAMBRE.

OF all who assisted at the ceremony of Mary Morgan's funeral no one seemed so impatient for its termination as the priest. In his official capacity he did all he could to hasten it; soon as it was over hurrying away from the grave, out of the burying-ground, and into his own house, near by.

Such haste would have appeared strange—even indecent—but for the belief of his having some sacerdotal duty that called him elsewhere; a belief strengthened by their shortly after seeing him start off in the direction of the Ferry boat.

Arriving there, the Charon attendant rows him across the river; and, soon as setting foot on the opposite side, he turns face down-stream, taking a path that meanders through fields and meadows. Along this he goes rapidly as his legs can carry him—in a word, Clerical dignity hinders him from proceeding at a run, though judging by the expression of his countenance he is inclined to it.

The route he is on would conduct to Llangorren Court—several miles distant; but he is bound; though the house itself is not his objective point. He does not visit, nor would it serve him to show his face there—least of all to Gwen Wynn. She might not be so rude as to use her riding-whip on him, as she once felt inclined to do in a half-moment of anger, but certainly he would be surprised to see him at her home.

Yet it is one within her house he wishes to see, and is now on the way for it, pretty sure of being able to accomplish his object. True to her fashionable instincts and *toilette* necessities, Miss Linton keeps a French maid; and it is with this damsel Father Rogier designs having an interview. He is thoroughly *en rapport* with the *femme de chambre* and through her kept advised of everything which transpires at the Court, or all he deems it worth while to be advised about.

His confidence that he will not have his long walk for nothing rests on certain matters of pre-arrangement. With the foreign domestic he has succeeded in establishing a code of signals, by which he can communicate—with almost a certainty being able to see her. Not inside the house, but at a place near enough to be convenient. Rare the park in Herefordshire through which there is not a right-of-way path, and one runs across that of Llangorren. Not through the ornamental grounds, nor at all close to the mansion—as is frequently the case, to the great chagrin of the owner—but several hundred yards distant. It passes from the river's bank to the county road, all the way through trees, that screen it from the house. There is a point, however, where it approaches the edge of the wood, and there one traversing it might be seen from the upper windows. But only for an instant, unless the party so passing should choose to make stop in the place exposed.

It is a thoroughfare not much frequented, though free to Father Rogier as any one else; and, now passing along it, he arrives at the spot where the break in the timber brings the house in view. Here he makes a halt, still keeping under the trees; to a branch of one of them, on the side toward the Court attaching a piece of white paper he has taken out of his pocket. This done with due caution, and care that he be not observed in the act, he draws back to the path, and sits down upon a stile close by—to await the upshot of his telegraphy.

His haste hitherto explained by the fact, only at certain times are his signals likely to be seen, or attend they be attended to. One of the surest and safest is during the early afternoon hours, just after luncheon, when the ancient toast of Cheltenham takes her accustomed *siesta*—before dressing herself for the drive, or reception of callers. While the mistress sleeps the maid is free to dispose of herself as she pleases.

It was to hit this interlude of leisure Father Rogier has been hurrying; and that he has succeeded is soon known to him, by his seeing a form with floating drapery, recognizable as that of the *femme de chambre*. Gliding through the shrubbery, and evidently with an eye to escape observation, she is only visible at intervals; at length lost to his sight altogether as she enters among the thick standing trees. But he knows she will turn up again.

And she does, after a short time; coming along the path toward the stile where here he is seated.

"Ah! *ma bonne*!" he exclaims, dropping on his feet, and moving forward to meet her. "You've been prompt! I didn't expect you quite so soon. Madame la Chatelaine oblivious to apprehend; in the midst of her afternoon nap?"

"Yes, Pere; she was when I stole off. But she has given me directions about dressing her, to go out for a drive—earlier than usual. So I must get back immediately."

"I'm not going to detain you very long. I chanced to be passing, and thought I might as well have a word with you—seeing it's the hour when you're off duty. By the way, I hear you're about to have grand doings at the Court—a ball, and what not?"

"Oh, *mon sieur*, oui!"

"When is it to be?"

"On Thursday. Mademoiselle celebrates *son jour de naissance*—the twenty-first, making her of age. It is to be a grand *fete* as you say. They've been all last week preparing for it."

"Among the invited Le Capitaine Rycroft, I presume?"

"Oh, yes. I saw Madame write the note inviting him—indeed took it myself down to the hall table for the post-boy."

"He visits often at the Court of late?"

"Very often, and he sometimes twice."

"And comes down the river by boat; doesn't he?"

"In a boat. Yes—comes and goes that way."

Her statement is reliable, as Father Rogier has reason to believe—having an inkling of suspicion that the damsel has of late been casting sheep's eyes, not at Captain Rycroft, but his young boatman, and as is much interested in the movements of the Mary as either the boat's owner or charterer.

"Always comes by water, and returns by it," observes the priest, as if speaking to himself. "You're quite sure of that, *ma fille*?"

"Oh, quite, Pere!"

"Mademoiselle appears to be very partial to him. I think you told me she often accompanies him down to the boat-stair, at his departure?"

"Often! always."

"Always!"

"Toujours! I never knew it otherwise. Either the boat-stair, or the pavilion."

"Ah! the summer-house! They hold their *tea-a-tea* there at times; do they?"

"Yes; they do."

"But not when he leaves at a late hour—as, for instance, when he dines at the Court; which I know he has done several times?"

"Oh, yes; even then. Only last week he was there for dinner; and Mademoiselle Gwen went with him to his boat, or the pavilion—to bid adieu. No matter what the time to her. *Ma fille*! I'd risk my word she'd do the same after this grand ball that's to be. And why shouldn't she, Pere Rogier? Is there any harm in it?"

The question is put with a view of justifying her own conduct, that would be somewhat similar were Jack Wingate to encourage it, which, to say truth, he never has.

"Oh, no," answers the priest, with an assumed indifference; "no harm, whatever, and no business of ours. Mademoiselle Wynn is mistress of her own actions, and will be more, after the coming birthday number *vingt-un*. But," he adds, dropping the role of the interrogator, as others, the ignorance of the French woman, as she, Pere Rogier? Is there any harm in it?"

"I fear I'm keeping you too long. As I've said, chancing to come by I signalled—chiefly to tell you, that next Sunday we have High Mass in the chapel. With special prayers for a young girl, who was drowned last Saturday night, and whom we are just this time interred. I suppose you've heard?"

"No, I haven't. Who, Pere?"

Her question may appear strange, Rugg's Ferry being so near Llangorren Court and Abernethy still nearer. But for reasons already stated, she knows nothing of the French woman, as to what has occurred at the farm-house, is not intelligible, but natural enough.

Equally natural, though in a sense very different, is the look of satisfaction appearing in her eyes, as the priest in answer gives the name of the drowned girl.

"Marie, la fille de fermier Morgan."

The expression that comes over her face is, under the circumstances, terribly repulsive—being almost that of joy! For not only has she seen Mary Morgan at the chapel, but something besides—heard her name coupled with that of the waterman Wingate.

In the midst of her strong, sinful emotion, of which the priest is fully cognizant, he finds it a good opportunity for taking leave. Going back to the tree where the bit of signal paper has been left, he plucks it off, and crumbles it into his pocket. Then, returning to the path, shakes hands with her, says "Bon jour!" and departs.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 44.)

FALL-TIME.

BY WILLIAM TENNYSON HEATON.

Among the woods the phantoms hold
A somber dance, and rustling trees
The wind, which only the wind knows,
Whisper in the passing breeze.

The stacks of corn upon the hill
Stand like sentinels of Time;
The lazy river past the mill
Ripples low in a dreamy rhyme.

The flight of time hath brought again
The autumn leaves, and with them
While o'er mountain, moor and fen,
The leaves are draping Summer's bier.

Work for Women at Home.

If any man has not already learned the delightful fact that New York is a remarkable among the capitals of the world for the beauty of its women, let him take a walk up the Fifth Avenue on one of our brisk and clear autumn afternoons, and, so far as civility permits, observe the fair pedestrians on the way. The day being fine, he will be wise to prolong his stroll by entering the Park, which is now in its full glory; and turning his eyes from the contemplation of cultivated nature, he will see, on the thronged drives, in the resounding bridle-paths, and in the footpaths frequented by our citizens of modest means, a continuous stream of feminine grace and loveliness.

Just at this season the fair daughters of ease and wealth are looking their best; for they are lately back from the woods and waters of the country, and their complexions are enriched by the tints which only the fresh air of the hills and the seaside and the rich food and vigorous health can paint on them. But our women nowadays, both rich and poor, are in a much better physical condition than formerly; for, on the average, they live more sensibly and dress more comfortably. Of course, some must still include those who are exhausted by fashionable dissipation the year round at Newport, Saratoga, and Lenox, as well as in New York, and who are always tired, bored, or languid; nor those other grievously overworked women who must tell us that they are "run down" and "tired" together. The first class is comparatively small in numbers, but the second is always so large that it constitutes one of the most important elements of the social problem over which wise men vex their brains.

The round of employments for women, whether of work or of pleasure, has also been greatly varied and increased, and they are better in mind and body for the enlargement. During the summer the girls at the country resorts have been kept in the open air on the days when the temperature was favorable for exercise, and they have not failed to benefit by the employment. The autumn weather, too, invites those who have returned to town and those who yet are in the country to engage in healthful sports and other invigorating occupations. Horseback riding, the most exhilarating form of exercise, grows more and more fashionable for women, and both in the Park and on the country roads many good riders may now be encountered. The greater demand for saddle-horses will of course increase the supply; but at present it is not to go for a satisfactory one. It is easier, as every horseman knows, to fill a stable with admirable driving horses than to find a single well-trained saddle-horse for a lady. We indeed rarely see in this country, except at the South, what the English call a well-mannered lady's saddle.

Croquet has pretty much gone out of vogue, though it is amusing to see old farmers in the country engrossed in the game which has for two or three years been abandoned by the pleasure seekers from the city. Lawn tennis and archery are the great out-door sports, and even the old-time battledore and shuttlecock has been revived by the maidens; and a very pretty game it is when played by pretty girls. Open air amusements of all sorts in which women can take part are now helping to contribute to the health of the frolickers, and their salutary effects are evident enough in the roundness of the forms and the agility of the movements of the fortunate maidens. Happily fashion permits garments which render possible pretty free muscular exercise, and therefore waistlines and busts which were once considered may now be frequently seen in one's walks, which betoken that our girls are growing up with well-developed frames and full and bounding circulations.

The indoor occupations which always chiefly engage the attention of women during the winter and winter are now varied by many graceful forms of artistic work. The old samplers, preposterous screens, unserviceable slippers, and meaningless embroidery have given place to fabrications which have real beauty, and help to ornament a house and to cultivate the taste of the workers. The fashionable embroidery at present is that with crewels, work which was the occupation and amusement of our great-grandmothers. The fashion was introduced through the teachings of an English art school, and it is encouraged in this country by our New York Society of Decorative Art, which enjoys the assistance of a teacher who was graduated at the South Kensington school of needlework, where crewel embroidery was revived a few years ago. Crewels are a species of yarn, not unlike carpet threads, woven loosely of soft wools, and colored in the best

and most delicately tinted dyes. The really good are imported from England, at heavy cost of freight and duties; but there are imitations of German and home manufacture which are comparatively poor. As the demand for crewels is growing, however, we shall probably before long have a satisfactory domestic supply, and the enterprising manufacturers will reap a handsome profit. Our other woolen fabrics are now beginning to compete with the best foreign goods, and there is no reason why, in quality of material and richness of dyes, our crewel yarn should not equal the finest made in England.

Various kinds of material are suitable for crewel work—woolens, linen, silk, satin, and velvet—and the embroidery, which is worked on designs drawn in the cloth, is rich and enduring. The taste of the worker is shown in the selection of the designs or in the drawing of them, and in the combination of the colors and shades. Some of the examples of crewel embroidery shown by the Society of Decorative Art are very beautiful, and have the advantage over the great majority of worsted work in being artistic in the compositions and in the combinations of colors.

The impulse which of late has been given to decorative needlework has furnished employment for the talents of women who have an aptness for the making of tasteful designs and for the harmonious arrangement of colors, and so has provided occupations for many ladies whose time hangs heavily on their hands, besides affording to others the means of making a livelihood. Ladies who have worked in vain in the higher departments of art find in the designing of crewel patterns and other embroidery, in the drawing of designs for lace, and in the composition of patterns for various kinds of fabrics, a graceful, tasteful, and sometimes profitable occupation.

Another department of decorative art which now engages many feminine hands and feminine fancies is that of china decoration. The society of which we have spoken has secured Mr. John Bennett, late of the celebrated Doulton Works of England, to teach this beautiful art to its classes, and the results of his efforts are seen in artistically-painted vases, plaques, and other china-ware. There is great scope for the exercise of taste and original aptitude for design and combination in this sort of decoration, and it may be made the means both of furnishing a delightful accomplishment and providing an occupation for the earning of bread. Different kinds of net and knit-work, lace-work, carving, wood engraving, water-color and oil painting, etching and sketching from nature and the model, all employ large numbers of ladies, either as a means of support or as a form of amusement. Music also occupies thousands of girls in New York, and music pursued into its highest and best development.

Therefore, though the metropolitan has its full supply of the butterflies of fashion, it also is alive with the activities of young women ardently engaged in the pursuit of the beauties and pleasures of art, and the effect is seen in the great wealth displayed in the homes of the city. The men and women who have labored here and in Boston to spread correct principles of decorative art and to interest fashion in them have therefore done a good work, and it is not surprising to hear foreigners say, as they are so apt to do, that our more refined society the women are usually superior in taste and cultivation, and even in information to the men whom they design to charm with their grace and delight with their beautiful accomplishments.

The Art of Deception.

ONE of the most singular inconsistencies to be observed in everyday life is found in the different manner in which the habit of deception is regarded according to the age and position of those who practice it. Children, as soon as they become capable of distinguishing right and wrong, are usually sternly reprimanded as one of the worst sins that can be committed. In school are not only taught the beauty of truth by their masters, but, in a certain rough fashion, reverence it among themselves. A boy, for instance, who parades ostentatiously to his mates the results of his misdeeds, is usually regarded as a miscreant, and the deliberate falsehood of a boy may gain for himself the reputation of a hero among his fellows. This, however, is a detail of the curious system of schoolboy morality, the unwritten laws of which might afford an interesting matter for study. Girls, it would seem, are by nature more inclined to untruthfulness than boys; but this inclination is really very often the result of moral cowardice, a defect which may be said to be as common to boys and men as to girls and women. But in the one case there are deterrent influences, absent in the other, which often lead to the attempt at overcoming, or at any rate concealing, this fault. A boy who has invented a story to save himself from a scrape, and is found out, is generally made to feel in some tangible way that he has been guilty of a gross blunder, if not of a crime. He becomes conscious that his conduct has gained him nothing but a punishment and the scorn of the community. With girls the matter is somewhat different; some form of punishment may be inflicted, but the sense of having done a shameful thing is less frequently and less strongly inculcated. A girl who has been detected in a falsehood may be teased on the subject by her companions, but she will not be shamed and despised. Thus she is very likely to learn early in life the great maxim that it is not crime but detection that one ought to avoid. Among a certain class of grown-up women there is little more disgrace attached to untruthfulness than among girls; and this, it must be said, is to a great extent the fault of men, who so diligently assure women that they are by nature untruthful that it is small wonder if they end by believing the assertion and acting upon it. It also occurs that certain women who have cultivated a love for truth become disgusted at the general weakness of their sex in this respect, and fly in consequence to the opposite extreme. They judge it necessary to employ some striking means for convincing the world that they are not as other women are, and that whatever they say is trustworthy, and they therefore affect an irritating sharpness of manner and an uncomfortable habit of saying the most disagreeable things they can. In order to avoid flattery, they overwhelm one with bitter criticism. Perhaps they are, however, more torable, inasmuch as they at least act from principle, than the women of the world who are accomplished in the art of deception, and employ all its resources to wound any one against whom they have a grudge. Their words are to those of the woman who flatters her truthfulness in one's face as the bite of a snake to the chance blow of a bludgeon. Both, however, may be said to be results, in opposite directions, of the same system. The most dangerous woman probably in the matter of untruth is she who, with a frank manner, a pleasant smile, and the honest appearance of a lady, will look you in the face and tell you what she knows to be a deliberate lie. And such people are commoner than may be generally supposed, inasmuch as the fallacy that a person skilled in the art of deception cannot look others in the face is still very generally entertained, although it has been often enough exposed.

Among men the practice of falsehood is perhaps not more rare than among women; but it is apt to take a less harmful form. There are many women who are known to devote themselves to the propagation of untruths, and what are more dangerous, half-truths, and who suffer very little in social estimation or position. But a man, and there are of course many such, who spends his time in circulating malicious reports, in collecting the raw material of calumny, and adorning it after his own fashion, and sending it out again in a

complete and finished form, is likely to get little by his pains but contempt, except, indeed, among a circle of scandalous old women, who are always ready to welcome him. The men who lie with success, if so hard a name as lying ought to be given to their practices, are those who have some resemblance to Corneille's *Menteur*, who are led away by force of imagination, and also by a certain feeling for artistic effect. These men are most usually found among Irishmen, and their method was pretty accurately hit off by a late judge, who observed that Irish witnesses could never be trusted.

"But, my lord," said one of the counsel, "your lordship's father was Irish." "Yes," was the answer. "I meant that they had a picturesque roundabout way of putting things. They are all very eloquent." These people begin to tell you a story, and as they go on, some detail which would be valuable in completing its effect suggests itself to them. The impression that it ought to have happened is so strong that it at last develops into a belief that it did happen, and, as one detail after another rises in this way into the narrator's mind, a gorgeous structure is raised where at first there was only the intention of laying down a brick. And, as the habit gains upon the man who falls into it, it may no doubt happen that he arrives at building up his towering stories of fancy without any foundation of fact. We remember one professor of the art of deception of this kind who had carried his system to something near perfection. He excelled all his rivals by virtue of never making a mistake. He had different sets of visions wherewith to dazzle his different sets of friends. To literary men he always appeared in the character of a man who combined scholarship with vast worldly knowledge, and would before their eyes his intimate acquaintance with distinguished military officers, well-known men of fashion, and so on. At an army mess, on the other hand, he was full of stories of what this or that great novelist or poet had said to him in confidence. And, whether by instinct or practice, or a combination of both, he was never known to tell the wrong kind of a story to the wrong person.

This is, after all, only the carrying out in mature life of the tendency to invention not rarely found in children, who, especially those who have no companions of their own age, are very apt to live in an imaginary world where they enjoy countless honors and dignities. How far it is desirable to check this tendency must always be something of a puzzle to parents and guardians. By rebuking the child who spends hours in fashioning a tale of wonderful events, and becomes so fascinated by the working of his fancy that he cannot but think it real, they may possibly be checking the faculty that would have made its possessor a poet, a painter, or a musician. On the other hand, if the child's imagination is allowed to run riot as much as it pleases, a habit of complete falsehood may be engendered of which the consequences are most disastrous. But it may of course only grow into the skillful practice of that judicious art of humbug which is invaluable to any one bent on making his way in the world. The pleasant manner in which children tell their tales has a greater regard for the person to whom he is speaking than for any one else in the world is an acquirement that may be of great use. Only it must be employed judiciously. The person who practices it should be able to discern at a glance whether his interlocutor is likely to resent this appearance of intense sympathy as humbug, or to accept it as a tribute to his own powers of fascination. There are people to whom this peculiar manner is natural, and in whom it probably springs from real kindness; and there are others who deliberately acquire it, and use it with a definite purpose, and it is perhaps rather hard upon good-natured people with a naturally agreeable manner that they should be constantly confounded with professors of humbug. In excuse for these last it might be remembered that pleasant manners are by no means such a drug in the social market that they ought to be rejected without very strong reasons.

Perhaps, of all forms of deception, self-deception is the most dangerous, as many of the most successful. A man who deceives himself, if he does it thoroughly, will find it easy to make others believe in him. It may always be matter for wonder to those who live with him and know him well how far he carries his self-deception, whether he deliberately imagines himself to be what he is not, and to have what he has not, or whether he lives in a dream out of which he takes care never to wake; but this will not interfere with his success in imposing his own view of his attributes upon outside persons. The least it is, however, some people whose habit it is to tell long and romantic stories about themselves, who will regulate their actions day after day as if these stories were realities, and who, when some well-meaning but officious friend tries to undeceive them by pointing out the falseness of their hopes and indeed of their lives, will only look upon him as a jealous enemy, and add to their self-deception another prop to support it. One's first thought about such self-deceivers as these is that one day their fall must indeed be great; but one may be disappointed, agreeably or not, by finding that when one thought they were digging pits for themselves, they were in truth raising steps to greatness. And at any rate one thing is tolerably certain, that if a man has not some strong belief in himself, which he may or may not express on every possible occasion, he will find it difficult to convince the general public of a merit in which he has no personal trust.

Ripples.

A VERY fat man sent an order to the office for two seats in the coach for himself. The clerk engaged him one seat outside and the other inside.

WHEN a German musician says "Gottedamerung," he doesn't mean to be profane. He is merely speaking of Wagner's great new musical performance.

FREDERICK—"Why art thou, darling, like Venuth?" Angelina—"Why, Fred, what a funny question. I don't know." Frederick—"Beaugh, darling—beaugh—you are a thweet myth." They both.

It has been discovered that petroleum was sold in Antwerp as far back as 1547. But the practice of serving it in kerosene lamps, with petroleum originated in America, and dates back not more than twenty years.

In the revolving seasons of the varied year there is no other time when the poetical department of the editorial waste-basket is so ably edited as in these mellow autumn days. It is the carnival of the Junk-dancer.

A WELL-KNOWN florist of Troy announces that he has orders ahead to furnish flowers for forty weddings within the next two months. If this isn't an indication of increasing business prosperity we are very much mistaken.

Two Japanese girls are now at Vassar College, and a scribe several hundred miles distant remarks that "It's a beautiful and affecting sight to see two little girls, teaching them how to slide down the balustrade."

WHENEVER a man begins to feel that he is so great that the country is standing in the middle of the road waiting for him to come by, it is about time for his friends to look up some soft place in a lunatic asylum to lay him down in.

Now the veteran fossils are wearing out the tops of the sugar barrels in corner groceries, lying like sin over their summer's work, waiting patiently to drink foolish candidates' whisky and predicting a severe winter based on the movements of bears and muskrats.

ARTHUR (who has been listening with breathless interest to one of grandpapa's Bible stories)—"And were you in the ark, grandpa, along of Noah and all the rest of 'em?" Grandpapa (indignantly)—"No, sir, certainly not." Arthur—"Then how is it you wasn't drowned?"

THE ROSE OF ALLAN.

BY HALCYON GRAY.

I.
Thus runs the ancient prophecy:
When on the field of battle dying,
Earl Malcolm—Allan's enemy—
Saw the foe's flag victorious lying,
He uttered with his latest breath
A curse—a doom, that sunk in death.
"I fling my hate on Allan Tower!
I read the doom that time discloses,
Thy vaulted name, thy boasted power
Shall fall with Allan's fading roses.
The rose—fit emblem of thy might—
Shall find surcease in sudden blight!"

He paused, and yet again he spoke:
One deed may save thy falling line,
THE DOOM A MAIDEN MAY REVOKE
BY GIVING UP HER LIFE FOR THINE!"
These words, whose import none could trace,
Form a tradition of the race.

II.
Sweet maid, from rose-leaf lattice bowers,
O'er which the rose of Allan trailing
Makes fragrant shadow, mark the hour
That sees the rose-vine's shadow falling.
And there be sign of sudden blight,
Then falls the doom on Allan High!
Oh, lovely rose! ah, fading flower!
Thy waking and thy waning glory
Gifted with talismanic power
Gleam breathes of thy upward story
Of woe or woe, of loss or gain
To him she waits, alas! in vain.

In vain! for in some land afar,
The lost proud heir of Allan's name
Seeks to retrieve his fallen star
And win himself a fitting name
Ere he returns to claim the maid
Who guards the rose-vine's restless shade.

III.
Thunder and lightning, wind and rain
In awful pomp, and mighty power,
Break their wild vengeance and again
Hurl frightful blasts at Allan Tower.
* * *
"Woe and alas! the tempest spent,
Shows the doer's doom in the rent."

But sadder than the rose's blight,
The mournful scene that discloses:
Far, far below the dizzy height
On which dark Allan Tower reposes,
In the dim chamber of a gray,
The promised bride of Allan High!

And lo! tight clasped upon her breast,
One little hand in death incloses,
(Dead Malcolm, was it thy behest?)
A blooming branch of Allan roses * *
It finds new life above her tomb,
And thus revokes the Allan doom.

At Last!

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

A BREATHLESSLY close mid-August day, with a murky sky and everything damp and sticky. A genuine specimen of the "dog-days," when the thermometer is discouragingly low and the thermometer disproportionately high; when people feel irritable and acid, ambitious and exhausted, and life seems a burden almost too heavy and hot to carry.

Mabel Ostrand, a pale, patient face from a book she was reading in a dusky corner.

"Yes; what is it, Jennie? You are not feeling worse?"

Her cheery, prompt voice was in accord with her sweet, courageous face—just the face, and the voice that were needed in that quiet, gloomy ward of St. Sulpice's, where Mabel Ostrand was fulfilling her destiny, and laying up treasures above by her devotion, and patience, and charity, and self-sacrifice.

Little Jennie Wraith tossed her poor thin arms outside the coarse, clean coverlet.

"Oh, I'm no worse," she said, kindly. "And so, not lying here! If there was only a breath of fresh air!"

Mabel laid her book quietly aside, and took up her position at the head of the narrow little cot, palm-leaf fan in hand.

"Try to sleep, child," she said, kindly. "And I think in an hour or so you will have a shower, and then how refreshed we will all feel."

And the nervous little invalid felt the comforting calm in Miss Ostrand's quiet words, and smiled feebly back in the sweet, patient eyes, and went to sleep, listening to the gentle swish of the fan as it made cool currents on her little hot cheeks.

While Mabel sat there, unconsciously falling into one of her reveries, in which there came such sweet, tender memories of other days—years and years ago, when life had opened such enticing vistas for her gleaming feet; when hope beckoned her always, and joy was her constant attendant.

And all because of Hugh Allaire, whom she had loved so dearly, who had been her betrothed husband, and then, one day, when some little difference, some trifling difference, some such a trivial, foolish difference those succeeding bitter years had shown her it was—there had come a breach between them, and then—

She had not seen him for years and years, and she had taken the position in the hospital because to her way of thinking it was far more and better to be of such practical use than to earn an equal amount of money in making up fancy articles, or selling goods behind a counter. She had not been unhappy after the first agony had worn off, because people cannot be, who perform bravely and faithfully the duty that lies at their hand, but there never had been a day when she had not thought of Hugh Allaire, and what a glorious perfection her life would have been if only he and she had kept their tempers, and not permitted pride and coldness to enter their lives and the tremendous wedge that separated them so widely.

Somehow, sitting over little Jennie Wraith's bedside that oppressive August afternoon, Mabel's heart went out into more eager, earnest longings for the dead-and-buried days of yore, that, for all they had so long been dead and buried, were never to be forgotten. Somehow there kept crowding into her mind and memory that mysterious, subtle, half-pleasurable, half-painful experience so many, many women could bear attest to—that exquisite sensation, made up of sweetness and bitterness, aroused by a fragment of a song we hear sung, that we once heard sung when youth and hope and love was with us—awakened by a fragrance that calls up a thousand memories of early happy days.

This hot, depressing afternoon there was somebody—some wandering street singer—tolling wearily along, stopping in shaded spots that were scarcely less bearable than where the sun would have been falling in hot lanes had the clouds not hung so low; an olive-faced, sad-eyed, barefooted Italian boy, sweeping his harp-strings with graying fingers, and making a weird, sweet melody of chords to a gliding, caressing tone he sung in his beautiful liquid mother-tongue—the self-same tune, the self-same words that Mabel had listened to the very last time she and Hugh Allaire had spent a happy time together one glorious midsummer day, at Elfin Woods, where a joyous picnic party had laughed and danced and sung from morn till moonrise. And a wandering minstrel-boy had been hailed on his way, and he had played and sung this very tune.

It almost was more than Mabel could endure to listen as she sat there, fanning the child who smiled in her sleep. Then, the music ceased and Mabel arose softly and went for her relief assistant, and rushed away to her little room, to fight down the pitiful longing that did not often—

—Thank God!—kill her like this.

An hour or so afterward she was her quiet, un-nervous self again.

But I need a change—it is the dull, cheerless routine that is making me morbid. A day of fresh country air, of tramping through the dear old woods, will work wonders and help me to resist these morbid thoughts.

And when she heard the rush and roar of rain in the night, and saw the purifying that the storm had done on the morrow, and felt the cool strong wind fresh from the north-west, she asked for the day off she so yearned for, and the

next morning found her treading the same sacred ground in Elfin Woods where she and Hugh Allaire had been so happy that last happy time.

It was a restful, quiet day that Mabel spent all alone by herself in the cool grand old woods, where all the long summer day there were only the soft sighing of the wind among the tree-tops, the chirp of a squirrel, or a chipmunk up and down the tree-trunks, the twitter of birds, the drone of insects, and all sweet summer sounds.

And she went back to the dreary routine of duty strengthened and encouraged.

Miss Cecil Varland looked across the big handsome parlors of the Adrian Hotel, straight at the fine figure and manly, strengthful face of the gentleman who stood in one of the open French windows, gazing out with a half-abstracted air that did not argue very complimentary for the host of pretty girls of whom Cecil Varland was one.

"He is an enigma, but he shall not puzzle me much longer," Miss Varland told herself as she arose from her chair and went across the long deserted room. And then her clear, pleasant tones half-startled him from the little reverie into which he had fallen at sight of the dear old familiar landscape that lay before him which he had not seen for years and years since before he had gone abroad. And he had not yet been at home a fortnight.

"Are you admiring the charming view, Mr. Allaire, or thinking of some pretty girl somewhere or other? Do you know you were awfully unsocial lately?"

Hugh Allaire smiled at Cecil's girlish remarks, then a little look of gravity came across his face.

"I certainly deserve some severe punishment for daring to even appear unsocial where there are so many charming entertainers. And your surmises were both correct—I was admiring Elfin Woods, and thinking of a dear friend with whom I have often passed very pleasant hours over yonder in the quiet, cool shadows."

Cecil puckered up her forehead in a little frown, half jealous indignation, half cold sarcasm.

"You don't mean Mabel Ostrand? I've heard sister Amy say you and she were—"

He cut her almost abruptly short.

"I do mean Miss Ostrand. She was the noblest woman I ever saw. And I would give half the rest of my life if I knew where to find her."

And when Miss Varland, a little later, saw her walking off in the direction of Elfin Woods, she made up her mind that she had read the enigma, but that the reading was of no available account to her.

While Hugh Allaire walked on and on, thinking of the days when he had thought himself blessed above all other men because Mabel Ostrand had given her love to him.

He walked along in the dim dusk and silent coolness of the forest, wondering if, after all, his life were not going to prove a miserable mistake because of the error of judgment and passion in his youth; wondering if ever there would open a way out of the labyrinth of yearning and loneliness he perpetually trod.

And then, all of a sudden, there fluttered out from a little clump of shrubs along his way, right at his feet, a bit of white card-board that he mechanically picked up.

The name on it was—"Mabel Ostrand," and beneath the engraved name was penciled, "St. Sulpice's Hospital, No. 12, Center Street, City."

That night at dinner, Cecil Varland missed the handsome, grave face that belonged opposite her, and somehow the elaborate dishes lost their relish, for as plainly as if it had been written on the wall she knew that Hugh Allaire was not gone for nothing.

The little jet of gas over the table in Mabel Ostrand's private room was turned down, and the green Venetian shutters were closed, with half-open slats, through which a brisk, refreshing west breeze came in, swaying softly the ruffled dimity curtain, and cooling Mabel's little pale cheeks as she leaned back in her rocking-chair, her day's work done.

A quick, imperative rap on her door was followed by a hushed, eager voice.

"Miss Ostrand! if you will only come down awhile—the matron of the accident ward is out, and there's a bad case just brought in—oh, cut and mangled dreadfully! Dr. Merrilton says you had better come and do what you can."

So patient, brave Mabel went down to the accident ward—patient, brave Mabel, to meet Hugh Allaire's dying eyes, as she entered the room—Hugh Allaire's handsome, blanched face, whose quivering lips were forever past all speaking, but whose eyes were eloquent with a look that was an awful commingling of woe and gladness—that told of the horrible woman who sprung to his side, that in all those years of cruel separation, in this supreme hour of mortal anguish, love had been and was, lord of all.

Brave, patient Mabel! All those agonizing hours she never left his side, and when at last he shut his beautiful eyes and she kissed them down for the sleep that knows no waking, she knew that for her, a great light had gone utterly out.

There had been an accident to the train by which Hugh Allaire had hurried to his darling home, the hundreds of passengers were the only one seriously injured. And when they had found Mabel Ostrand's card in his memorandum-book, they had carried the dying stranger to St. Sulpice's, and so the pitiful romance of one woman's life was ended.

Blanche and Lily.

A STORY OF HALLOW-E'EN.

BY ABBIE CLEMENS MORROW.

On the wide, pleasant porch of a New England home a beautiful woman stood looking out upon the glory of a bright October morning. Her hands were crossed, her head slightly drooped, her whole attitude betrayed that she gave no heed to the brightness before her, but was lost in the memory of the past. Presently a door opened and a familiar step caused her heart to beat more quickly, but she neither turned nor spoke.

"A pleasant morning, Blanche; why so pensive?" and a strong man's hand rested gently on her forehead.

She turned, then, and let her lovely hazel eyes meet his.

"I was thinking to-night is Halloween—"

The face of Herbert Delyle changed instantly. He, too, looked upon the brilliant-hued hills with the morning sunlight upon them and saw them not.

Swiftly memory reverted to the happy weeks five years before when he and the woman who stood near him had been visitors at her guardian, Judge Delano's, when he had talked, and walked, and laughed, and sung with this woman at his side and asked no higher happiness. How well he recollected that Halloween when going softly down to the library at twelve o'clock for a book the judge had recommended to him, he had surprised Blanche at the mirror. How startled she had been yet what a glad look had come into her eyes as she recognized him! How that look had emboldened him to circle her waist with his arm and press kisses upon her red lips and tell her that he loved her. He remembered, oh! how well he remembered, every

word with which she had answered him; how, blushing and shy, she had told him of the legacy he had won, and acknowledged having come at midnight to the mirror hoping his might be the face she should see there; how swiftly and blissfully the next week of his life had passed; how sorry she had seemed and how much he had regretted being obliged to leave her and return to his work in the city.

Then he remembered, oh, how bitterly he remembered, the morning when—taking up the daily paper and glancing at the marriage notices with an added interest since his own would soon appear there—he had read that Judge Delano and Madame Evans had been married three days before. Soon after came a letter from the judge briefly mentioning the marriage, stating that he should spend some six months in Europe on a wedding tour, and requesting that his niece, Lily Delano, might become an inmate of Herbert's sister's home until their return.

She will miss her friend Blanche, and myself, so much," the judge wrote, "and be so lonely in this big house, I should be more contented to know she was spending the winter in the city under your care."

He recalled the days of misery which followed this letter, the coming of a gray, graceful Lily, whom he had always revered but never dreamed of loving, the rest and peace, and content, which came to him through her companionship, the days when he had wooed and won her, the happy years they had passed together, until Blanche, a widow, had come to spend some months with them before returning to her sole surviving relative, an uncle, in England.

Now that Lily's face often wore a sad, troubled look, he did not care for his home nor his profession, but was filled constantly with a vague unrest. Why had this woman come to his paradise to torment him with visions of what might have been but for her falseness?

He turned to her almost fiercely as he said:

"Why revive the past? Why bring back bitter memories? It is too late now. I never loved you."

"Stay, Herbert; you wrong me. I did love you. I would have married you and mamma kept your letters from me; she made me believe you did not care for me and forced me to marry the judge."

"You did not love your husband?"

"He was good and kind to me, but—I had known you."

"And there is nothing for us to do but forget."

"That will be easy for you, but I—I have no one in all the wide world but you! Herbert!"

The cry hurt him. How could he, the soul of honor, looking into the lovely eyes which met his so frankly, know that the story she uttered was false, that she had preferred wealth and a European tour to comparative poverty and a quiet home? He gazed at her in all those days of his misery he had not grieved for himself. His temptation was stronger than his strength. For one brief moment he took her in his arms and kissed her passionately; then the manhood in him asserted itself. He put her away and went into the house, never thinking that remorse for that one caress would be the keenest pang life should ever bring him. Went into the house, and neither he nor the woman who had wronged him saw the livid face of his wife pressed against the window-pane—the witness of that passionate embrace.

"Oh! massa! come quick! how could you? Missus dead! murdered! how could you?"

"Dead! murdered! Lily?"

"Yes, murdered, and with dis! take it! hide it!"

"This! my razor! dead! what are you doing here? Rouse the house! Send for Dr. Bennett at once!" and he hurried to his wife's room.

The lamp was burning dimly. The sight he saw might well make a strong man shudder. Lily was lying on her back, her face toward the door, her form straight and still, her glazed eyes open, one pale arm bared, a purple stream bled the pillow where the instrument had surely done its work.

Soon all was confusion. Mr. Delyle had some knowledge of medicine. He tried all the simple remedies he could command, refusing to believe she could be dead.

The physician arrived, shocked by the summons.

"A razor, the radial artery opened! Who could have done it! she has not been dead an hour!"

He applied all the usual methods of resuscitation, but vainly.

"There is only one last chance," he said; "I will be back in fifteen minutes. There is nothing you can do, but I will stay with you until I see your pulse, and then I will leave you."

Herbert sat with his face in his hands, while Blanche stood at the opposite side of the couch, her eyes riveted upon the cold face of the one who had been her friend and her rival.

After a little rest, she looked upon the mantle shelf and saw the hour of midnight. For one instant Mr. Delyle, looking across the couch and meeting the glance of the woman who stood there, forgot the years that had intervened between the last Halloween when they had spent together and this.

There was one exultant gleam in the hazel eyes which met his and said, as eagerly as any words could have done:

"You did this deed for me! though your hands are red with blood they shall clasp mine! though your soul be stained with sin it is mine! I love you! In spite of sin or shame, or life or death, I love you!"

A cold chill crept over Herbert Delyle's frame. This woman, to whom he had given the love of his young manhood, whom he had believed worthy any noble action, and who had looked into his face believing him false and foul, and yet, in such a solemn moment, and in such awful presence, glory in the guilty love she had won. Every spark of affection or respect he had ever felt for her died out of his heart at that moment. He looked down upon the quiet face of his dead wife and loathed himself and Blanche utterly.

"Mrs. Delano," he said, "do not longer profane this place with your presence. The love I bear my wife—so good, so generous, so pure, so true, is as far from you as heaven is from hell!"

"And yet you did—"

"Hush! you shall not utter the foul lie! I never did the deed, God knows! And you could believe it of me! Go! go! I could hate you, if I did not so utterly despise you!"

Herbert knelt beside Lily's couch in bitter, remorseful anguish.

"If she might but know how gladly I would lay down my life to restore hers," he moaned.

"My wife! my wife! my angel! come back to me! I am alive without her!"

He hid his face upon her cold heart, wetting it with torrents of hot tears; he pressed passionate kisses upon her chill lips as though his warm breath could bring life to hers.

Presently the door opened and the physician entered.

"Last resort," he murmured. "If with this tube I can convey some of this cordial to her stomach, and then apply the battery, there is a chance. I knew one case of animation suspended four hours."

What took place the next hour after the doctor's return Herbert never knew; but when at last a tremor ran through Lily's frame; when a shiver passed over her ashy lips; when the blood rushed to them and receded again; when the blue eyes unclosed a moment in bewilderment, then closed, then opened again, with a smile of glad recognition in them, he felt as the sisters of Bethany must have felt when Lazarus came back to them from the grave.

"Lily, darling," he said, with ineffable humility and tenderness, "I am not worthy to touch you, but God has given you back to me, and my whole life shall show my love for you."

When Lily was stronger she told him that she had seen the caress he had given Blanche, that the sight of the razor had suggested to her that the renunciation of her life would bring him happiness; that she had bared her arm, and

climbed her hand, and severed the artery which could quickly and easily take her life away.

"I should not stir; I could not speak," she said, "but I heard you all, what the doctor said, what you said to Blanche, your prayer for my life. I should not have come back if you had not said you loved me, if your kisses had not set my heart pulsing to yours, oh, my Herbert! my husband!"

MY CYNOSURE.

BY A. W. BELLAU.

Dark eyes and hair have made her fair:
The passion of the Summer's June
Half seemed to break about her cheek
And flow in words which well in tune.

To me she seems the gift of dreams
That in an hour will flee away,
And I be left with hopes bereft,
All in the broken scenes of day.

Too sweet and fine for mouth of mine
To take a treasure from her lips;
Too all divine for hand of mine
To touch her thrilling finger-tips.

How soft she moves, and lives, and loves,
And love has made her still more fair!
We both are both in spoken truth,
And oh, the day that shall declare!

The Winning Oar;
OR,
THE INNKEEPER'S DAUGHTER.

A Story of Boston and of Cambridge, of the College boys of Harvard, of the great boat-race, of woman's love, man's treachery, and sisterly devotion.

BY ALBERT W. AIKEN.

AUTHOR OF "THE POLICE SPY," "OVERLAND KIT," "INJUN DICK," "WOLF DEMON," "THE WHITE WITCH," "PRETTY MISS NELL," "THE OWLS OF NEW YORK," "SUNDOWN," "THE GIRLS OF NEW ORLEANS," ETC.

CHAPTER XXV.
THE QUEEN OF SONG.

In New York the two young men went to the same hotel, the palatial Fifth Avenue, and after supper they proceeded to the main entrance, and lighting their cigars, joined the throng who were lounging in and about the lobby.

"What a busy place this New York is!" Lawrence remarked, idly, his eyes wandering over the apparently unending stream of people passing up and down, but it was plain from the expression upon his features that his thoughts were far away.

"Yes, and by the way, I have an appointment this evening," Harrison observed, abruptly. "It nearly slipped my memory."

"An appointment?"

"Yes, I promised to call at once upon my return to the city. Are you acquainted with Mademoiselle Paulina?"

The stroke-or shook his head.

"I do not think that I am, although the name sounds familiar to me."

"Oh, you must have heard of the lady; Mademoiselle Paulina is the famous vocalist, the very queen of beauty and of song."

"Yes, I think that I have noticed her name in the newspapers."

"And is it possible that you have never seen her?" Grahame asked, assuming an air of astonishment that was extremely natural. The man was a born actor, and on the mimic stage undoubtedly would have won great triumphs.

"Such is the fact; I rarely go to public entertainments; I have very little taste for such things."

"Come with me to-night and I will introduce you to this siren."

"Siren?" Bub exclaimed, rather astonished at the unusual warmth of Grahame's speech.

"Yes, siren; that is her proper title, and if you do not own that it is, after a brief interview with her, I will agree to stand a wine supper for yourself and any half-dozen of your friends that you may choose to name."

"But will the siren—be graciously pleased to indulge me with an interview?" Lawrence asked, his curiosity somewhat excited by the words of the schemer.

"Oh, yes! I will introduce you!" Grahame responded, at once; "these children of genius are not hemmed in and about with quite so many decorous barriers as encompass their less fortunate sisters. I am quite intimately acquainted with the siren, and will introduce you. She comes along and we will go there at once."

"All right, I'm with you," Bub replied, yielding to the impulse of the moment.

So the two young men left the hotel and sallied forth.

"Which way?" asked the stroke-or, as they emerged from the portal.

"Up Broadway," Grahame replied. "She resides in a sort of a private hotel, on Thirtieth street, much affected by the artist world. Within the modest confines of that five-story brownstone front you will find the rising painter, the aspiring poet, the successful tragedian, the queen of poetry of motion, the sweet singer who nightly charms the opera-loving world as well as the mystic brothers of the famous presgangs, who, with a single touch of their pens, make or mar the reputation of those bold souls who pant for a public life."

"It is to a great extent of the Bohemian world, then, that I am to be introduced?"

"Exactly; and I can assure you, old fellow, that I am offering you a chance worth accepting," Grahame exclaimed, with a light laugh.

The two friends were strolling along, arm-in-arm up Broadway, as they conversed.

"I am highly favored, then?"

"By Jove! you never said a truer word! Why, this girl is the rage, and has been so ever since she came to the city. I've known some of the gayest young bloods of the town try all sorts of games to procure an introduction, but she is very particular, and for a woman in public life bears a wonderful reputation. Of course all the daughters of genius, who expose themselves to the fierce glare of the sun of public approval, are talked about more or less. It is a price that they must pay for the fame and wealth which they acquire so easily and with so little toil."

"Is she pretty?"

"A beauty!" Grahame exclaimed, enthusiastically.

"And talented?"

"She has the voice of an angel!"

"I am not very well acquainted with that sort of thing," Bub remarked, quietly.

"Just wait until you see this girl, and if you don't bow down in idolatry before her then I miss my guess."

Bub's lip curled slightly, and an incredulous look came over his handsome face. Just then the image of his lost Winnie was fresh in his memory, and he doubted the power of woman-kind to efface the impression. One siren only had he ever met in this world, and he did not believe that another existed. Kitty Googage, the innkeeper's daughter, was a siren in deed, and when he was in her presence he found it almost impossible to resist the spells which she cast over him, but she was far away, and with absence the charm faded. He had crossed the running water, which, as in the ancient legend, broke the spell.

Chatting together in a bantering fashion the pair soon reached Thirtieth street and turned into it from Broadway.

In the center of the block Grahame halted before a handsome brown-stone front house.

"This is our destination," he said; "and now, a word before we enter the charmed portal. Supposing that you fall under the spells of this

marvelous beauty you are not to blame me, mind, for I have given you fair warning."

"Oh, I will hold you blameless," Bub replied.

"It's quite a serious matter introducing such a dashing blade as yourself to this queen of song. Who knows what serious consequences may result from it?"

"Oh, nonsense! go ahead!"

"I warn you, remember!"

"Oh, on my head be it!" Bub replied, lightly. The stroke-or little guessed the nature of the tangled path into which his feet were straying so recklessly.

Grahame advanced up the steps and rung the bell, Bub following close behind.

An elderly colored man answered the bell and from the look upon his face he perceived Grahame it was plain that the Bostonian was no stranger to him.

"Is Mademoiselle Paulina at home, Jim?" he asked.

"Yes, sah."

"Carry up my card, please," and Grahame placed one of his pasteboards in the hand of the servant.

"Yes, sah; walk in, gent'lmen, to de parlor."

The servant ushered the twain into the reception-room and then departed.

The parlor was nicely furnished and only differed from the usual reception-room common to similar houses of its class in having the walls profusely adorned with portraits of all the artistic celebrities of the day.

Lawrence examined them with considerable curiosity, and Grahame, who was equally acquainted with all of them by sight, and with the greater part personally, took upon himself the task of enlightening his less learned companion.

Bub listened patiently as Grahame descanted first on one picture and then on another, enlivening his discourse every now and then with some choice bit of scandal regarding the originals of some of the pictures.

"You are well posted," Bub observed at last, saying, "I'm up to all that's going, as the saying is," Grahame replied, complacently.

The rustle of a woman's dress sounded in the entry just then; the young men turned; a tall, beautiful girl with lustrous, golden hair, magnificently dressed, came sweeping into the apartment, and then came a sudden and startling tableau.

No sooner had the lady caught sight of the faces of the gentlemen than a cry of astonishment came from her lips and she started back utterly amazed.

reality as strong as the massive links of the manacled prisoner's chain.

"You are surprised to see me, no doubt," she said, looking straight into his face and smilingly inviting him to approach.

"Yes," he replied, and, unable to resist the charm, he advanced to her side and seated himself so near to her that he had but to reach out his hand to touch her.

"No more surprised, though, than I am to behold you, for you are the very last person in this world that I expected to see."

"But explain this mystery: who and what are you?"

"I am Mademoiselle Paulina, the bright, particular star of the Alhambra Music Hall, in 14th street," she replied, firmly, but with anxious eyes fixed upon the face of the young man, eager to witness the effect of the speech.

"The Alhambra Music Hall?" he murmured. "Yes, where I nightly sing; I am a vocalist by profession and I command the best salary given to any artist who trends the boards of a music hall. As you can plainly see, I lead a double life—when I am home with my parents, I am plain Kitty Googage, but here, in New York, over a certain circle I reign as queen, with none to dispute my sway, and I am known as Mademoiselle Paulina."

There was an air of bravado plainly apparent both in the girl's voice and manner. She feared the effects of the disclosure, but she had resolved to make the best of it.

In brief she intimated—I am so and so, and I am not ashamed of it, although perhaps you may think that I have cause to be ashamed. To tell the truth Lawrence hardly knew what to make of the matter. He was so much surprised by the disclosure that he hardly knew what to think. He had not a very high opinion of the "bright particular stars" of the music halls. He had come in contact with two or three of them, and not one of them had impressed him favorably.

"My parents do not know what I am doing," the girl continued, rapidly, determined that he should know the whole story. "They have a holy horror of the stage and all that belongs to it. I assist them out of my earnings, but they would turn from the money in horror if they only knew how I gained it. In fact I really believe that they would rather accept money gained by downright theft than the gains of the stage, as they consider it an abomination."

"How did you happen to enter upon this life?" Bub asked, his curiosity excited. "Ever since I was a child I had been noted for my excellent voice. I have often been told by good judges that if I had had proper instruction I should have made a great opera singer. My father was in difficulties; his inn was not paying, and he expected to lose it and with it all his little savings which he had invested in it. I resolved to use the talents which Heaven had given me, secretly and unknown to my folks. I made the attempt, and succeeded. The public that I sing to is an easily satisfied monster, my audience do not demand cultivation so much as voice and style, both of which the world says I have. My folks think that I am the foremost of a millinery store on Broadway—that I receive an excellent salary, and that the money I send to them is my surplus earnings. The cheat is not likely to be discovered, for this blonde hair and the glamour of the stage almost defy recognition, and besides, there is no sum of money in this world that would tempt either my father or mother to go inside the walls of a theater."

"This sounds more like a romance than reality," Bub observed, thoughtfully. "And is all the romance of the world confined to the pages of the novelist?" she exclaimed. "Do not believe it! The mind of man cannot invent wilder deeds than the will of man can perform. The romance of fiction is weak indeed compared to romance of society."

"Yes, that is truth itself." The appearance of Graham at this moment interrupted the interview.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 445.)

QUESTIONING.

BY EREN E. REXFORD.

Oh, lips, beneath the grasses gray,
Beneath the dead leaves and the mold,
If you could speak to us to-day
What strange, weird secrets would be told.
Dear lips that I have often kissed,
Unclose, and answer me to-day.
Oh, is death's silence like a mist,
Which shuts the world and us away?

Oh eyes beneath the dead leaves hid,
I wonder if you cannot see,
Through the soft fringes of your lid,
The blossoms blowing for the bee?
Say, can you see the grasses stir
Beneath the kisses of the Spring?
Be Nature's true interpreter,
And answer all my questioning.

Oh, heart, true heart, when'er I kneel
Between you and the tender sky,
Does not some influence make you feel
That he, who loved you so, is nigh?
Oh, love, love, love! if it cannot be,
That you are dead to things of old,
I know you hear and think of me,
Beneath the dead leaves and the mold.

Diamond Cut Diamond.

BY CHARLES D. GARDETTE.

MR. GURLEY flung the newspaper from him and threw himself back in his chair. "What's the matter, sir?" asked a young lady, who was pouring out Mr. Gurley's coffee. "Matter! Why, Anna, my friend Harbinger's gone and got married again! At his age! And a widow, too, with a grown-up son! Of course he'll change his will now. Just my luck! Well, if the doc he'll perjure himself at the event. The question, then, will be, whether such perjury would not absolve me; but I shall outlive him, without doubt. He's ten years older than I, and married to a widow with a grown-up son. Oh, it's enough to kill him in a twelve-month! Poor Harbinger!"

"But why should he alter his will, uncle?" inquired his niece. "Do you suppose his wife—with her grown-up son—will allow him to leave his fortune to any one but herself and her young hopeful? And he hadn't a near relative in the world! His will wronged nobody. Can it be possible that he will prove false to the sacred bond of our early friendship?"

At this moment, Mr. Gurley became conscious that his pretty niece was gazing at him with an expression of inquisitive surprise, and as he did not choose to enter into any further explanation on the subject with her, he resumed his newspaper and making a temporary barricade of it, silently finished his breakfast behind the frail intruder.

Now, nearly about that very time, John Harbinger, Esquire, sat at his breakfast-table, with his bride and her grown-up son, in a parlor some two hundred miles distant from the residence of his friend, Robert Gurley, Esquire. And although the bride was affable and entertaining, still Mr. Harbinger's face was not altogether unclouded, nor his demeanor that of a thoroughly happy bridegroom.

"Are you not well, my love?" asked the bride, with tender solicitude.

"Can I do anything for you, sir?" added her son, with respectful eagerness.

"No, thank you, Walter. I am quite well, my dear Eunice. I was—only—thinking—"

"Of what, love? Nothing that I may not know, I hope?" queried Mrs. Harbinger, archly.

"Oh, no! that is—I was just then thinking of—my will!"

"Your will, sir?" exclaimed Mrs. H., with a start of graceful horror.

"Your will, sir?" cried Walter, in sorrowful surprise.

"Yes—I—the fact is, my dearest Eunice, I—must write to my friend Gurley. I have been strangely forgetful of Gurley."

"Pray, my love," asked Mrs. H., mildly, "who is Mr. Gurley? You have never mentioned him to me before, I think. If he is a friend of yours, why did you not invite him to our—our—"

"There were 'no cards,' you know, my dear Eunice," interrupted her husband, hastily, "and—in fact, my love, I thought—I feared that Gurley—however, I'll write to him immediately. It will be all right, of course."

"What will you write, John, dear, and can't you really a most curious little body, and you can't keep any secrets from me, you know; indeed, you can't, John! Walter, your father has something to tell me, and three you know, my son—"

Walter took the hint, and a cigar, and left the room with a smile. "Good-morning," said Theroupan, Eunice, came and seated herself upon her dear John's lap, and kissed him right on his somewhat grizzled mustache, and—there being no eavesdroppers at hand, what passed between them can never be accurately known.

But, on the second day thereafter, Robert Gurley, Esquire, received the following epistle:

EXTON, August 8, 186—

MY DEAR FRIEND—You will, doubtless, have seen my recent marriage with the widow of the late Judge Wynkyn, Esquire, and, I trust, my friends, Mrs. Harbinger, and you, will, of course, have received them. My intercourse has been very rare of late years, owing to dance and engrossing occupations, but my friendship has remained unaltered. In my case, it certainly has. I shall write you more fully in a few weeks, but must present purpose to write you now. I am at rest, in case you should—as you naturally may—feel any anxiety on the subject with regard to our ancient compact about our wills. Mrs. Harbinger is aware of the nature of this compact, and in the most unselfish and extraordinary spirit of disinterested affection, has begged me to make no change whatever in my testamentary dispositions, unless you positively desire it. She says we are mutually bound in honor to adhere to our agreement, and she voluntarily agrees to absolve each other from its conditions, and that she could not become the means of exercising, as it were, a moral force upon me upon my own part, I may say that, in case I should have a child or children by this marriage—however, I know I may rely upon your generous friendship, and she will let the future take care of itself.

My wife and I both trust, that, if your avocations should permit you to leave your home, and see us, and bring your charming niece, Miss Meldrick, to whom, pray, present my cordial regards, and believe, as ever, your friend, JOHN HARBINGER.

When Mr. Gurley had twice read this letter through, he sought his niece in the drawing-room, and said:

"Anna, how would you like to take a trip to Exton? My friend Harbinger invites us to make his bride and himself—on a great opera singer, upon a visit. I have reasons for accepting his invitation, and if you have no objections—we can take Newport on our way, if you like, and spend a week there—what do you say?"

"I shall be delighted," exclaimed Anna. "It's dreadfully hot here. When shall we go?"

"Day after to-morrow, if you can get ready."

"Oh, I'll be ready; I've nothing to but to do pack up. How lucky that I've just got my new clothes from Mlle. Chose, and that lovely hat from Paillet. I shall be ready to go in five minutes. A hundred dollars, uncle, will be quite enough to finish my little affairs with."

"Quite enough! Little affairs! I should think so," quoth Mr. Gurley, rather unamiably; "however, there's no use arguing or arguing down, I suppose, as the money's your own, or will be some day, when your poor old bachelor uncle's gone to clover. So there's the hundred; and we will go by the afternoon train."

II.

Forty-eight hours subsequent to this conversation between uncle and niece, John Harbinger, Esquire, received a letter of the most cordial character from his friend, Robert Gurley, congratulating him on his marriage, offering to do what was agreeable to him in the matter of the will, though suggesting that there was time enough to think about that hereafter, as they were neither of them in any danger of speedy demise, and concluding by accepting the invitation, of which they proposed to avail themselves in ten days from that date, after passing a week at Newport.

Mr. Harbinger handed this epistle triumphantly to his dear Eunice. She read it carefully, pondered a single instant, said, "Humph! we'll see! I'm glad they're coming," and went out to ride with her dear John and Walter.

The week at Newport was a pleasant one, but, on the whole, monotonous as an incident. On the appointed day, Mr. Gurley and Miss Meldrick arrived at the mansion of the Harbingers, and were welcomed with great cordiality by that family.

They spent a delightful fortnight in each other's society.

The ancient friendship of Messrs. Harbinger and Gurley was wonderfully quickened. They were inseparable, except when temporarily divided by Mrs. Harbinger's connubial position in the household.

They were as David and Jonathan—David Gurley and Jonathan Harbinger, so to speak.

As to the intercourse between Walter Wynkyn and Anna Meldrick, it was a good-looking young fellow of three-and-twenty, and a pretty, piquante damsel of nineteen, and the result is more or less inevitable according to the opportunities. The opportunities of Walter and Anna were capital. And were capital improved.

Very soon.

At the end of the fortnight, Mr. Gurley and his niece tore themselves away.

A group composed of Mrs. Harbinger, her husband, and Walter, stood upon the railway platform waving adieu.

"Walter," said Mrs. Harbinger, when about to get into her carriage, "that man's a hypocrite," (meaning Robert Gurley, Esquire); "I'll talk to Mr. Harbinger."

"I wouldn't, mother," replied her son.

"Very likely; but her uncle wants my husband—"

"Hush! here comes Mr. Harbinger. I've an idea, my dear mother. Don't say a word to your husband, but tell me, what you think of—"

"Oh, it will be capital! ha, ha, ha!" exclaimed Walter, tickled by his sudden fancy.

Mr. Harbinger approached, and getting into the carriage, the three rode home, lamenting what a sorrow, the loss of the worthy uncle and his charming niece.

As the railway train whirled out of the depot, Mr. Gurley turned to Anna, and said, "Anna, that man's a hypocrite!" (meaning John Harbinger, Esquire). "And he's ruled by his wife."

"Walter is a very clever young man, uncle," quoth Anna, timidly, and not without a blush.

"I've no objection, my dear," replied Mr. G., with a smile. "But Harbinger and his wife both want—they both hope I shall be the first to—"

"Tickets, sir," said the conductor.

After a few moments' silence, Mr. Gurley suddenly broke into a chuckle.

"A capital idea," said he, half to himself. "I'll do it, by George! ha, ha, ha! It will be the richest thing—oh, ho, ho, ho!"

"What are you talking about?" exclaimed Anna, thinking her uncle on the eve of a fit.

"Nothing—never mind now, my dear. Wait till we get home."

The rest of the journey was passed almost in silence, only broken by an occasional chuckle on the part of Mr. Gurley, or a passing remark on the landscape—which was not appreciated by the uncle—on the part of his niece.

They arrived in due time at home.

III.

On the 10th of September, at nine o'clock and five minutes, Mr. John Harbinger, looking out of his breakfast-room window, beheld a young man with a large ledger under his arm pass by. An instant afterward, the door-bell rung.

"It's the water-put, probably, or the gas," said Mr. Harbinger, in reply to a question by Mrs. H.

"Or a bill," muttered Walter.

The parlor door opened. "The servant," said the messenger, "you'll be kind enough to write your name and time of receipt in the book," and he handed ledger and envelope to Mr. H.

"I will write it, Walter, while I read the message," said Mr. Harbinger, slowly tearing the note open.

Walter wrote, "John Harbinger, 9.15 A.M."

"Good Heaven!" cried Mr. Harbinger, suddenly, at the same time dropping the telegram scroll on his lap.

"What is it, my dear?" exclaimed Mrs. H., seizing the paper ribbon quickly.

Walter handed the book to the servant, and bade him take it to the messenger.

Mrs. Harbinger, somewhat pale, and in a nervous voice, read as follows:

EXTON, Sept. 10, 186— 8 o'clock, A.M.

TO JOHN HARBINGER, Esq., No. 14th street, Wyville-R. Gurley died suddenly at four o'clock this morning. Funeral on the 13th.

P. TROVER.

Then all three were silent for a few moments. Mrs. Harbinger fidgety and pale; Walter, ditto, and flushed; Mr. H., abstracted. Finally, "It was—very sudden," said Mrs. H., looking at Walter.

"Horribly sudden!" replied Walter, drawing a long breath, and looking furtively at Mr. H.

"Dear Gurley!" murmured Mr. Harbinger. "I always thought—that is, I was always afraid he wasn't very strong, Eunice."

Mrs. H. made no answer, but in a moment, "Who is P. Trover?" she asked.

"A friend of Gurley's, a young lawyer," replied her husband.

Another interval of silence, while the breakfast was dispatched.

"Well," said Mr. Harbinger, at length, "if I had altered my will, and named Eunice, Gurley would have altered his, and you see what the result would have been. I never believed he would—I mean, I feared he would not—outlive me, poor fellow! Of course I must go on at once."

"Of course," echoed Mrs. Harbinger, though in rather an embarrassed manner. Then, after a moment's thought, she added:

"And you had better go with Mr. Harbinger, Walter."

Walter looked at his mother, and immediately said:

"Yes, certainly, with the greatest pleasure. I mean, I am ready, of course, to be of any service."

"We will start by the noon train, Walter," said Mr. Harbinger, with melancholy alacrity.

And so it was settled.

The 12 M. train from Wyville up met the 11.30 A.M. train from Exton down, at Zedding station, where the leisurely interval of fifteen minutes was allowed for what the brakemen called "Ree-freshments."

Emerging from the car at this spot, Mr. Harbinger, whose sorrow had not impaired his appetite, and Walter, who had no grief to speak of, pushed their way to the refreshment counter where they sat upon such viands as were within their reach.

In another instant, Mr. H., looking up, beheld a pair of eyes gazing at him from under a somewhat flushed brow, with a mixed expression of indignation and indignation.

The effect of this gaze upon his own face was instantaneous and remarkable. He became pale, then crimson; his hand trembled and dropped his fork; he started back from the counter, and exclaimed:

"Good God! Ge—ge—Gurley! N—n—not dead!"

"No more dead than yourself," replied that gentleman, in a testy voice, clapping his hand on his friend's shoulder.

"Tray, what the devil does this mean, sir?" and he snatched a small roll of paper from his pocket, and spread it under Mr. Harbinger's nose.

Mr. H. looked mechanically at it, and read:

WYVILLE, Sept. 10, 186— 8:30 A.M.

ROBERT GURLEY, Esquire, No. 10, — street, Exton, has died this morning, at a quarter of six, at a little after six this morning. Come on at once.

EUNICE.

"I—I—can't imagine—" stammered Mr. Harbinger, looking vacantly at Walter.

"It is an infamous trick, John Harbinger!" cried Mr. Gurley.

At this moment, Walter placed a scrap of paper, just like the one in Mr. Gurley's hand, full in that gentleman's focus of vision, and, "Per-haps, sir," said he, with a smile, "you will also account for this in the same manner."

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IV.

Three days later, however, a new aspect was put upon the mutual domestic positions of the households Harbinger and Gurley, by the following epistle, which Mrs. Harbinger read aloud to her husband as he was shaving, (and which caused him to rash himself in three places, without swearing at the accident):

WYVILLE, Sept. 14, 186—

MY DEAR MOTHER—All's well that ends well, and our little *Jason* has certainly culminated in the most charming and happiest manner, so far as I am concerned, at all events. Not to keep you waiting, (indeed I know you will skip everything I say till you find the point of my letter,) I have asked my dearest Anna to be my wife, and she has consented!

She is the best girl in the world, and you don't know half her good qualities, my dear mother. I assure you, I could write pages on pages about her, but I forbear. She bids me give you her dutiful love, and to say, that she hopes you will find her an affectionate daughter. As of course you will.

My Gurley seems really pleased with the way things have turned out, and has said he should make his new will, at once, in favor of his dear Anna and her children. In this I believe him to be sincere, for he really loves his niece, and would be quite a good man, if he were not so selfish, and a little hypocritical.

I am sure you will approve of my choice, my dearest mother, and trust it will meet the approval of Mr. Harbinger. I shall be at home to-morrow night, D. V., with all particulars. My darling Anna is waiting to ride to the post-office with me, so far, well, or rather, *ad rector*, and believe me your happy and loving son,

WALTER.

My story properly ends here, but I cannot refrain from adding a characteristic incident, which took place at the wedding of Walter and Anna Meldrick.

Just after the ceremony, Mr. Gurley and Mr. Harbinger went into the former gentleman's study together.

"John," said Mr. Gurley, "I have made a new will; but I have not yet burnt my old one. To do this, I waited until it could be done in your presence—"

"How singular!" interrupted Mr. Harbinger. "I have had the very same idea myself, and, therefore, I have—"

"Not burnt your will, either, eh?" queried Gurley, with great vivacity.

"No, but I was going to say that I have burnt it with me, as well as the new one, in order that we might, that is, that in case you—"

"Ah, yes, I see!" said Mr. Gurley, as Harbinger hesitated. "You still distrust me, John."

"I do, no, Robert! but you said you knew—in your heart I fear that you rather distrust me, and—"

"Let us end the matter at once, John," interrupted Mr. Gurley, going to his writing-table.

"Here is my old will, and here is my new one—"

"And here are mine," said his friend, producing them from his coat-pocket.

"Into the fire goes No. 1," cried Mr. Gurley, snatching the action to the word.

"Ditto!" exclaimed Mr. H., imitating him.

"My new will leaves my whole fortune to Anna and her children," said Gurley, handing it to Harbinger.

"And mine gives everything, except my wife's portion to Walter," replied Mr. H., presenting the document to Gurley.

"I will put them both in Trover's keeping," said Mr. G.

"Why not in Plevin's?" asked Mr. H. (Plevin was Mr. H.'s lawyer).

"Trover is my particular friend," said Mr. Gurley.

"So is Plevin mine," echoed Mr. H.

"But it strikes me—" began Gurley.

"But it seems to me—" interrupted Harbinger.

After disputing for more than half an hour on this strange trifle, the matter ended by each gentleman resolving to retain personal possession of his own testament.

What the final result of this arrangement may be, I cannot foresee, as all parties

THE PASSERS-BY.

BY JOE JOY, JR.

I watch upon the crowded street
To mark the crowds that hurry by,
Ah, in the faces that I meet,
How much I read with earnest eye!

Here comes a man with hastening feet—
He is some hopeful mother's son;
He looks behind with glances fleet—
He is escaping from a dun.

And here a man with eager eye,
And with a steady look before;
His feet seem nimble in a race—
He is after him who is the over.

Here with a sachel one goes past;
What goal in life pursues him so?
What purpose grand, allurement vast?
The train that's gone some time ago!

Here comes a very cheerful man,
And o'er his face the glad smiles roam;
What pleasure on his face you scan?
He has just got away from home.

There is one who wears a far-off gaze;
Of mundane things he's full of scorn;
His slow feet pick their thoughtful ways—
He has the luxury of a corn.

Who's this who comes with wrinkled brow,
And from his eyes a fire-set jay,
Quite heedless of the friends who bow?
He goes to meet his mother-in-law.

With long curled hair and step elate
And clothes well worn and figure tall
He hastens onward to his fate—
A poet with an ode to fall.

This person loiters on the way;
He's not in haste; his step is slow;
He is going home if it takes day;
His dinner's late—it's always so.

Come stand aside, let that man pass;
He dives promiscuously through the crowd;
What eagerness is in his face!
That free lunch sign is just hung out.

Look at this fellow with sad eye;
How languidly his limbs he moves
Unmindful of who pass him by—
A suffering victim of pure love!

With pinched-up visage, look most sour,
This man goes by with ancient coat,
To say a note due just this hour—
Lest he should lose another goat.

My heart be still! There comes a girl!
Such loveliness you seldom see;
How doth it set my head in whirl—
But, there's my laundry looking for me!

Wild Western Tales.

JOHN LEE'S LAUNDRY.

A STORY OF THE MINES.

BY EDWARD L. WHEELER.

Poor Deadwood!
I often wonder that that city of the Black Hills has actual existence, after all the stories and novels that have been written of it, although many of them have embraced truthful scenes. To get the true idea, you need to either go in person, or get in with "old residents" and have him give you a yarn. An old miner, back but a few weeks from the Hills, "got away with" the following narrative, and declared it to be true:

"Wal, yes, I've cum back ter the States, pilgrim, but not ter stay, no sir-ee! Ye see how it was, the old folks ar' gettin' purty well on toward ther shinin' shore, an' et struck me I'd best come visit 'em once agin afore it's their turn ter go on ther last minin' trip up ther Golden Stair."

"How long I bin away? Wal, let me see: et's nigh about—my wife Sally died an' I pulled out ther next year—wal, et's nigh about thirty year, stranger, since I went ther mines."

"I war even twenty-four, then, an' calyulated ther warn't many as could lick me, ef I did cum from ther States. I knocked about here and thar for twenty year; bin clean from Californy up ther Black Hills; tuk a hand in nearly every strike or mine or stampede, an' bayr I am, at ther age o' fifty-four, w'out as much as an old woman ter cumfert me, or a piece o' land ter call my own."

"Yes, I'm goin' back, o' course, arter I've had a visit w' ther old folks—they're eighty year old apiece, now—an' bid 'em good-by till I cum hunty' arter 'em in a new diggin'. Et'll cum purty tough ter say good-by, w' ther realization that yer ain't a goin' ter see 'em agin in ther flesh; but, bizness ar' bizness, an' I'm goin' back ter ther Hills."

"Gold! Wal, yes. Thar's a supply o' ther article in them Hills as is goin' ter outlast you or I, pilgrim, for thar ar' too many galoots thar ter ther squar' inch o' territory. Labor is cheap—a man can get a dollar an' a half, or two dollars a day, out o' which he can ter pay fer his board, an' he don't hev ter grub about thar bein' ter many wittles, neither. I didn't do that way. I went a-huntin' on Sundays, an' layed in my own grub. Got a Chinaman ter cook it fer me fer awhile, but found he tuk et on hisself to support a hull Chinese family out my larder, so I bounced him, you bet!"

"Chinamen—ar' thar munny? Wal, ef I didn't know ye warn't ignorant, I shed lart af ye, fer sech a question. Why, 'twixt you an' me, thar's one o' ther Celestials every ten feet—almond-eyed, pig-tail, an' all—fact, by gracious. We hev 'em thar o' all grades an' breeds; sum w' pig-tails, an' sum w'out; a great munny dishonest ones, an' a durned few thet's honest or ken be trusted."

"Speakin' o' ther galoots, reminds me o' John Lee, one o' ther cussedest o' cusses thet ever grow'd in them Hills. He war a dandy, war John, w' his pig-tail clipped off, an' sum real style in him, an' don't ye forget et. He wore as nobby clothes as any o' ther swells, an' a plug hat, diamond pin stuck into his biled shirt, an' patent leather boots onto his feet; in fac' he war a sorter nabob as well as any o' ther straight-eyed mortals."

"Furst I ever see'd o' him, he cum ter Gray's diggin's, last year, leashed a chunk o' ground cuss agin' ther mountain base, an' hired a gang o' men ter stick him up a shanty. Then he stuck out his sign, and we were appressed of ther fact that John Lee war a laundryman. But he didn't do ther scrubbin', not any fer Johnny! He hired several almond-eyed women ter do ther work, w'le he set at his desk w' one pen ahind his ear an' one w' in his grasp, an' drew portraits o' ther fair maidens o' his native clime."

"A gang o' us, w' Bill Ackley at our head, used ter often go over an' spend an evenin' in ther offis o' ther laundry, whar John would set an' entertain us w' yarns an' drawin's, sech as would puzzle an American, fer no fool war thet same John, an' you bet yer pile on't."

"One story he used to tell tickled Bill Ackley fer to kill. Bill war a tough customer, allus grim an' gloomy, an' et tuk a Chinaman ter fetch out his humor."

"Chinee man used to go see Melican gal, downee San Frisco? John would say, w' a chuckle; 'Chinee man muchee rich; Melican gal muchee poor. Chinee man used to eattee up allee Melican gal's pies, an' cakee, an' meats—Melican gal's father gottee muchee madee, an' comee fer Chinee man, w' a swordee. Chinee manee run aroundee room, an' makee Melican man muchee madder; he cattee Chinee man by cue an' cuttee off, so Chinee man no go back to China. Chinee man den steal five shirts from Melican man, an' got muchee even."

"All ther p'int seemed ter be that the durned almond-eyed galoot keered more fer the five shirts than he did fer the cue, or pig-tail."

"About ther time o' John Lee's startin' in bizness, a gang o' round-agents got bold an' darin' in ther neighborhood o' ther diggin's, an' we suffered robbery an' attacks till thar warn't no vartue in forbearance, an' we organized fer a campaign. We tho't we knowed jest whar ter lay our hands on ther cusses, an' we had et right in us ter lick 'em or die a-fightin'; you bet! As

we passed John Lee's laundry on our way in s'arch o' ther galoots, Bill Ackley had us stop an' he called ther Celestial out, and invited him along w' us, fer he war a primo favorite, war John Lee.

"But the almond-eyed galoot shuk his head, an' he sez, sez he—

"Note any fightee fer Chinee man; he stay an' washee Melican man's shirtee fer ten centee; Melican man he go hunt fer agents, losee day's work, an' gettee much he fooler, allee same! An', d'ye know, w' the pilgrim we campin' w' hire thet galoot ter go along w' us; he war as obstinate as any old mule ye ever see'd, an' no mistake. So we started on w'out him, w' nigh about all ther fightin' men o' ther town along w' us."

"We war bound fer a victory, war we."

"But nary an agent did we lay our eyes on thet day, and w'en we got back ter ther diggin's we found thet them cusses had bin thar from another direction, an' gone thru ther town, appropriatin' all thet war vallyable—gold, wittles, an' sech as they could carry."

"Arfter thet we war purty desprit, an' I reckon we hedn't many religious feelin's fer them round-agents. They war allus led by a masked chap in black whom we got ter callin' Night-Bird, an' war a hard gang ter tackle, but we laid low fer 'em."

"One night I an' Bill Ackley war settin' in ther laundry offis, chattin' w' John Lee, when a rough-lookin' customer entered, an' passed thru inter a rear part o' ther buildin', slamm'n' a door behind him. We see'd John Lee scowl, an' Bill sez, sez he—

"Who war thet chap, Celestial?"

"Melican man who lodgee up-stairs; Chinee man no like him mucches, rep'ed ther pig-tailed galoot. Even then we didn't suspect anythin', pilgrim, but we got our eyes opened, after awhile."

"It was proposed that we all go off on another road-agent hunt, an' cum back after a little while, an' see ef we couldn't surprise ther galoots. So we mustered all ther men, an' rid out, no one ther wiser o' our plans 'cept them as war along."

"We rid out o' town about a mile, an' then rid back lickety scoot, stranger, we caught them agents all collected afoot in ther center o' ther street, an' charged on 'em, w' Bill Ackley at our head—he war a fearless, venturesome cuss war Bill, too."

"Well, seem' they couldn't escape by runnin' the road-agents fired on us, an' stood their ground, till by an overplus o' men, we finished 'em up, till not a man war left."

"Poor Bill Ackley went down in ther scrimmage, an' died w'out speakin' after he war shot. Close by him hed fell ther leader o' ther road-agents, an' pilgrim, w'en we pulled off his mask, who d'ye s'pose we found?"

"Give et up? Wal, sir, et warn't no one else than thet cussed dandy laundryman, John Lee! Yes, sir-ee, him an' no one else; an' thar the almond-eyed galoot hed bin hidin' us all ther time w' his yarns an' sech! We war horrified; sech a development in Chinee deviltry hed never struck ther diggin's o' Gray's. Later, our suspicions led us ter search John Lee's laundry, which war built w' ther hind end up agin' a bluff o' rock, an' here another discovery awaited us miners, who had been so sucked in on one Chinee galoot."

"Openin' out o' ther back end o' ther laundry a cavern hed bin bored inter ther mountain, havin' an outlet on t'her side, an' this hed bin the head-quarters o' ther outlaws, an' heer we found much o' what we'd frum time ter time ter robbed of. An' lucky it war fer thet Chinee galoot thet a friendly bullet tuk him off jest as et did, or thar'd bin a raisin' (ter a limb) in short order, you bet."

Puritan Prissie.

A Tale of Roundheads and Cavaliers.

BY T. C. HARBAUGH.

THE AX which fell upon the neck of the unfortunate Charles Stuart before Whitehall did not bring peace and security to England. The clashing of swords still echoed throughout the new Commonwealth; the "fug of war" came whenever doughty Puritan met valiant Cavalier, and meet they did upon more occasions than one.

There were several parts of the country where the followers of the king for a long time kept the ascendancy, despite the stern vigilance of the Roundheads. Under several gallant young nobles, upon whose heads the Cromwell parliament had set no insignificant price, they continued the war with relentless fury, being determined to oppose the usurper, as Oliver was termed, to the bitter end.

Men, and even women, of Puritan proclivities were hunted like wild beasts in these districts; and the terrors of a *La Vendee* kept the country in a state of constant excitement and alarm. On the borders of a large forest of oaks whose shade gracefully fell upon the bosom of the Severn, stood a grand old house which, as a relic of a reign glorious in English history, was venerated by every one. At the time of which we write, it was the home of a family named Maxton, whose sympathies, as was well known, were enlisted in the cause of Cromwell.

Hubert, the head of the house, occupied a seat in the new parliament, where he was celebrated for his wise counsels, and bitter Roundhead speeches. At home remained his wife, a devout invalid, and his only living child, a daughter named Priscilla. A son had fallen at Cromwell's side at Naseby.

Priscilla, or Prissie, as the tall and beautiful Puritan girl was called, was not known to pos-

sess a lover. Her sole care seemed to be devotion to the bedridden mother. Occasionally she was seen in company with a girl several years her junior, the child of a Roundhead family which had suffered terribly at the hands of the king's men.

Genia Monk, the young creature just mentioned, was fierce and outspoken against the Cavaliers; and though Prissie Maxton believed that she had betrayed their retreats to Old Ironsides' merciless troopers, she did not upbraid the girl.

An' d'ye know, w' the pilgrim we campin' w' hire thet galoot ter go along w' us; he war as obstinate as any old mule ye ever see'd, an' no mistake. So we started on w'out him, w' nigh about all ther fightin' men o' ther town along w' us."

"We war bound fer a victory, war we."

"But nary an agent did we lay our eyes on thet day, and w'en we got back ter ther diggin's we found thet them cusses had bin thar from another direction, an' gone thru ther town, appropriatin' all thet war vallyable—gold, wittles, an' sech as they could carry."

"Arfter thet we war purty desprit, an' I reckon we hedn't many religious feelin's fer them round-agents. They war allus led by a masked chap in black whom we got ter callin' Night-Bird, an' war a hard gang ter tackle, but we laid low fer 'em."

"One night I an' Bill Ackley war settin' in ther laundry offis, chattin' w' John Lee, when a rough-lookin' customer entered, an' passed thru inter a rear part o' ther buildin', slamm'n' a door behind him. We see'd John Lee scowl, an' Bill sez, sez he—

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"What hol' comrades!" cried one, stopping. "This is a pretty go! three Blacksocks flyin' from a Roundhead's spawn. Prithee, let us stand."

He was interrupted by the descent of Priscilla's sword, and there was one Cavalier less to make work for Cromwell's troopers.

Falling headlong forward, he thrust his companions from the hall, and before they could return to resent the blow, even if they had so desired, they heard the portal shut, and the key made it fast.

The rage of the Blacksocks now knew no bounds. They resolved to storm Maxton House and put its inmates to the sword. Their torches lit up the spacious court with a lurid glare; their oaths and execrations made the air heavy with blasphemy; and, with the hits of their broadswords, they hammered furiously on the door.

But stronger rams than such weapons must force the portals, if they expected to win the victory.

"Pound till dawn, my villains!" cried the tall Puritan girl, who standing in the hall, sword in hand, listened to the sounds of impotent assault.

Suddenly a strange noise startled the brave girl. She heard cries, oaths, and sounds of mounting.

Then came the ringing jingle of steel, mingled with the gallop of horses, and a voice, harsh and strong, was heard outside:

"Open! if ye live, which I profess ye do, for the door is shut!"

Puritan Prissie, with a cry of delight, threw wide the door, and a company of Roundheads filled the hall.

Saved! Genia Monk was now brought from her hiding-place, and when she told the story of Prissie's bravery, the leader of the company turned upon his comrades:

"Uncover!" he cried. "My brethren, we stand before the woman who, single-handed, has gained a victory over the Blacksocks!"

Instantly every head was uncovered, and one old Puritan lined a psalm of triumph which was taken up by the others until the old house was filled with music.

Genia Monk remained with Puritan Prissie, and was not disturbed.

A year later she and her protector took each a husband from among Cromwell's lieutenants, and left behind them descendants who wear with pride their names in England and America.

your groaning mother'll be turned out of doors, and your father'll be thrown into her bed. We want the witch who kneels at your side. Give her up, and we will ride away with no harm done to Maxton House."

Give Genia Monk over to the men who had hunted her over moor and through brakes like bloodhounds for a fortnight, which had seemed to her a year?

It did not take Puritan Prissie a moment to decide.

"Give her up and save the house in which two kings were born!" came the thoughtful cry.

"In a moment you shall have my answer!" was the maiden's reply.

"Be it a brief one! We cannot tarry here till dawn!"

Pressing Genia's hand and bidding her in a low tone to rise, Priscilla led her quickly to the wall. The next moment she touched a secret spring, and the panel flew open, displaying a dark corridor to the gaze of all.

"Into the dark, sister! never fear!" Prissie Maxton said, in a whisper to Genia, whom, half-resisting, she thrust forward, and the panel came back to tell the king's men that their victim had disappeared.

They darted forward with yells of baffled rage; but found themselves confronted by Puritan Prissie who now held a long broadsword in her hands. This weapon, revealed by the opening of the panel, she had snatched from its hook, and now its bright blade, undimmed by rust, flashed in the faces of the astonished Cavaliers.

They stopped before the well-armed girl, and shrunk back as she sprung forward, her nature aroused, and a gleam of battle in her dark eyes.

"Get ye hence!" she shouted. "Do you think that I will give into your hands the dove hunted through brake and glen by the hawks? Maxton House is not unprepared for such demons as the Blacksocks, led on by that good-for-nothing Rupert, whom Oliver Ironsides will catch some day. Take your unholy feet from Maxton House, lest the sword which my brother wielded at Naseby cleave your brainsless skulls!"

The late hunters of Genia Monk stayed not upon the order of their going, but rushed into the hall.

There, for a moment, they showed signs of standing.

"What hol' comrades!" cried one, stopping. "This is a pretty go! three Blacksocks flyin' from a Roundhead's spawn. Prithee, let us stand."

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or compass. With my gun, a blanket, a flask, and some other rations, made my way northward across lots without any regard to roads, trails or landmarks. You see I'd a pretty good opinion o' my bump of navigation. Wherever night overtook me I wrapped my blanket round me and layed down to pleasant dreams, and slept as sweetly as a babe in his winter hibernation."

"But, one day, while on this journey, a snow-storm set in, and when night came on I looked around for a better bed than I'd been used to. I found a great hollow log that just suited me to a gnat's eye. It war wide open at one end and nighly closed at the other. Into this lowly domicile I dragged my weary length, and snuggled down for a quiet rest, while the icy fingers of the storm wove its shroud of white over the dead year, as the poet says:

"Wal, I hadn't laid thar long when I heard a peculiar noise that sounded like the 'skirr-r-r' of a rattlesnake; but, great Cæsars! I knowed a rattler couldn't be out in that season of the year. With this assurance I convinced myself et war the wind outside with its whistle chased by the fallin' snow. But I soon had reason to change my mind, for presently I heard the same sound agin, accompanied by a movement in the log. I raised my eyes, and, great Valley of Shadow! thar, before me, I beheld two droll, glowin' orbs of fire that seemed to dart rays of diabolical enchantment into my very soul! Then I knowed what made that strange noise. It war the purring of a panther—a real, live, vicious, man-eater!"

"I tell ye what, boys, my blood run cold as the winter blast beatin' around me, and my old heart thumped against that log until I war afeard it would participate the panther onto me; and, in that case, it would be 'good-by, Natty Thorne.' Couldn't I shoot it? No, I was so cramped up in that log that I couldn't draw my gun, or pistol, either; and I knew the daisy before me well enough to know that he'd take the first movement on my part for a challenge and wade in me."

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